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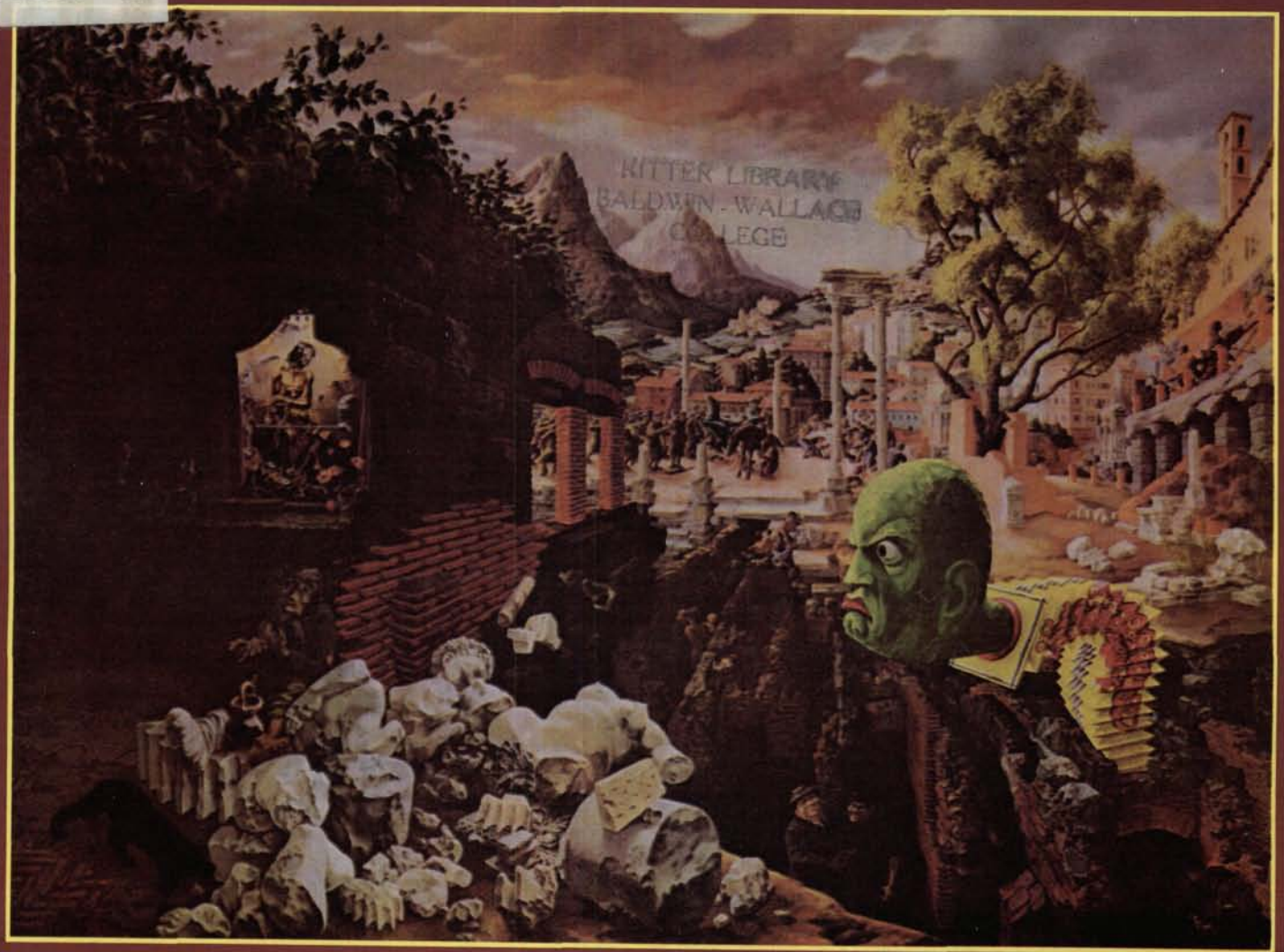

Italy's Future: No Roman Holiday

Carter's Phony F-15 Sales Pitch

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TRB

from Washington ®
May 13, 1978

Labor Pains

They gave labor chief George Meany a cartoon from *The New Yorker* the other day. The picture shows an old curmudgeon standing before a mirror scowling happily at himself and a friend admonishing him, "You look pretty crusty, but you don't look as crusty as George Meany." Meany loves the picture; at 83 he has an executive suite with thick piled carpet on the corner of the fifth floor of the AFL-CIO limestone building overlooking Lafayette Park. Down the street is the palatial US Chamber of Commerce building. The third building in Washington's tripod of power, of course, is the White House. They are all within sight of each other or, perhaps, a stone's throw would be putting it better.

The US Chamber finished its 66th annual convention here last week. In the lobby is a "Federal Spending Clock" with illuminated dials showing how fast the federal government is tearing through $462 billion dollars—the expected budget for fiscal year 1978. It's all lit up like a pinball machine with one dial racing at $10,000 every 0.68 seconds. I waited 6.8 seconds for $100,000. For a million dollars you get a beep. When it hits the jackpot of a billion the whole thing lights up but whether it plays the national anthem I don't know. The exhibit is very educational for businessmen and illustrates, I believe, how fast the federal government is throwing away our money.

George Meany, the US Chamber, and the White House are presently interconnected on two complicated fronts here. For one thing the White House is appealing to labor and management to go easy on wage and price demands in an effort to "decelerate" inflation. They are asked to exercise self-restraint and maybe they will, though, so far as I know, no similar appeal for industrial voluntarism has ever worked, short of wartime. (It is interesting to note that the two presidents who tried to put such appeals on a patriotic basis were heaped with ridicule and contumely: Ford with his WIN button, and now Carter with his "Moral equivalent of war" (MEOW-get it? ha,ha).

"Cooperation from major unions is absolutely vital," says Charles Schultze, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. Without it, he says, chances of inflation control are "very slim indeed."

The other point on which these three power forces intersect—Big Labor, Big Business and Big Government—is on the labor law reform bill which comes up in the Senate on May 15. It has brought three million pieces of mail to the Senate, an all-time high. George Meany says it is the most important fight for him since he became AFL president in 1940. It has even caused him to put an advertisement in the *Wall Street Journal* (first in history) addressed to "American Business Leaders" and asking them why they are opposing the bill. The US Chamber of Commerce is part of the opposition, he notes. For Meany the measure is a "symbol of fair play."

There's one significant small businessman in favor of the bill, anyway; he comes from Georgia and he raises peanuts. President Carter told a Kentucky publisher who heckled him on it that he favored the bill, which strengthens the National Labor Relations Act, because anti-union firms are evading the law as written. He had seen it done in Georgia, he said, where "because of subterfuge or delay a final determination in the labor dispute may be dragged out two, three, four years. . . ."

Theoretically workers are protected in their right to join a union, but it doesn't always work that way. If this measure passes it ought to be called the "J. P. Stevens & Co." amendment because the giant anti-union textile firm helped precipitate the fight. The US Court of Appeals in New York, last August, cited violations of the law by Stevens as "massive," "cynical" and "flagrantly contemptuous." The cases were so frequent, it declared, as to raise "grave doubts about the ability of the courts to make provisions of the Federal Labor Law work in the face of persistent violations." In short it was cheaper for Stevens to violate the law and pay the fines, than to obey it, the court suggested.

The Senate battle this month may be a blockbuster. The measure passed the House easily last October, 247-163. It was supported by Hubert Humphrey and a Senate committee endorsed it, 13 to two. But now the effort to defeat it in the full Senate, led by conservative senator Orrin Hatch, Republican of Utah, will be by filibuster. On a television show, "The Advocates," last month, Hatch said yes, he would lead the filibuster and yes, he would use this legislative device "frankly, because we don't believe we can get 51 votes against the bill."

This was a candid admission that he is trying to thwart the majority. Under Senate rules it takes a flat 60 votes to break a filibuster, which means that 41 exercise a veto. If you wonder where the Senate time goes, consider that anti-labor senators want four to six weeks on this fight.

Organized labor has been losing ground in America for 30 years. It is an important but little noticed social phenomenon. Thirty years ago 40 percent of the labor force was organized; today it's around 25 percent or less. No other industrial democracy has so low a ratio. One leg in the three-legged stool of America's big government, business and labor is short. It means that when Charlie Schultze appeals for wage restraint to halt inflation there is no all-inclusive labor leadership (for better or worse) to reply. Even when organized, labor discipline can sometimes be weak: the heads of the coal miners, for example, couldn't stop wildcat strikes the other day when negotiating with management. This, of course, has a certain social cost.

The labor law reform bill may be more important for symbol than substance. I can't see that its provisions are very startling. It provides quicker elections if workers think they want a union, and greater penalties for anti-union discrimination. It raises the membership of the National Labor Relations Board from five to seven. Conceivably it could help organize the non-union South. On the other hand, the labor movement has shown declining political clout and has experienced recent rebuffs on common situs picketing, the cargo preference bill, and the consumer agency. If defeated on this, George Meany may turn a particularly crusty face to appeals for patriotic wage restraints.

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Correspondence

Plus and minus

To the editors:

I have lately been impressed with *TNR*'s obvious attempt to broaden the views expressed in its columns. Michael Ledeen's entry in the Washington Diarist (*TNR*, Apr. 8) is an outstanding example of well-chosen rebuttals to *TNR*'s traditional smug highmindedness.

It wasn't until I read the other end of the same issue, however, that I realized how far you had gone in presenting opposition views. There, TRB solemnly announced, "I suppose nobody hates to pay taxes more than I do." I could hardly believe this is the same TRB who once dismissed the report that Hubert Humphrey's total appropriations votes would exceed the gross national product with a "So be it, his heart's in the right place."

If there were an ounce of sincerity in his tax-hating statement, we could forgive TRB's past eighty years of big-spending do-goodery. But there isn't. In the same article he talks about the progressive tax system we "cherish," associates all opposition to IRS with Nixonian strategies, and consoles himself with some ancient dictum about taxes being the "price of civilization." That last interpretation would strike many taxpayers as simplistic. In most of our large cities, we pay two or three times the going rate of civilization anywhere else and don't even get semibarbarism in return.

Nationally, we aren't that much better off. Since World War II, we have lost a sound currency first to inflation and then to devaluation; we have settled for an ever-weaker defense posture; we poured billions into LBJ's scheme for guns and butter (and still more billions for the bread and bullets to go with it); and we have an HEW Department that outlaws traditional mother/daughter breakfasts and tries to force high schools to recruit male cheerleaders. This may amount to TRB's notion of civilization, but outside of his Washington fantasy world, it is something short of Utopia.

I hope you will continue to open up your pages to columns like Ledeen's but please keep a straightjacket handy for TRB. He's a tax-hater in April, but by May he will be writing that Eleanor Roosevelt was a hard-nosed capitalist who devoted her life to shoring up the concept of rugged individualism fighting the progressive encroachment of big government.

Bob Kemmy
Chicago, Illinois

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Confidence gaps

To the editors:

No wonder President Carter is confused about which direction to go—dove or hawk—when "liberal" publications like *TNR* berate him for "cutting the ground from under" West Germany by arresting development of the neutron bomb, and for allowing "the impression to spread that arms control policies are being made more by super-doves such as Paul Warnke than by experts at the Pentagon" ("Carter's Nuclear Confidence Gap," *TNR*, Apr. 15). I am aware that this is supposed to be hard-nosed talk increasingly heard around the country and in Washington, couched in gambling terms of bargaining-chips and trade-offs designed to conjure up the image of a tough, swaggering John Wayne-type Uncle Sam ready to blow us all out to prove his manhood.

Weapons, especially nuclear weapons, are terrorist threats of mass incineration, not benign bargaining chips. The neutron bomb is a nuclear weapon more likely to be used if it is available, opening up the possibility of full-scale nuclear war which no one can "win." There are many of us out here who are delighted by the prospect (though it is hardly a reality) that "super-doves" rather than the "experts at the Pentagon" might at last be making arms control policies. The Pentagon "experts" took us into Vietnam and the present arms race, and will take us into anything from a neat little "enhanced-radiation" war in Europe to a final holocaust if their way is followed.

Soviet "experts" no doubt have the same mentality, but surely you don't think they would be so dumb as to *increase* the arms burden on the Soviet people if we should decrease ours? I think Morton Kondracke is spending too much time around the Committee on the Present Danger. The major danger to the world is the military mentality, ready to destroy us in order to save us.

Ann Morrissett Davidon
Haverford, Pennsylvania

More on ACLU . . .

To the editors:

The ACLU welcomes careful scrutiny from persons concerned with the protection of civil liberties in the United States. Jim Mann's article "Hard Times for the ACLU" (*TNR*, Apr. 15) is a serious analysis that makes several valuable points. Unfortunately, the article is deeply flawed by a misconception of the proper role and recent activities of the ACLU.

Mann's main point is that the ACLU, at least in part, deserves the losses it suffered for defending free speech in Skokie, Illinois, because we wandered away from defense of basic civil liberties. In support of this view, Mann cites the ACLU's opposition to the war in Vietnam; the ACLU's leadership in the campaign to impeach Richard Nixon; the ACLU's extensive efforts on behalf of women's rights and the right to obtain an abortion; and a recently adopted and as yet unimplemented resolution of the ACLU dealing with violations of the civil liberties of the poor. Mann conveys the impression that the ACLU has attended to these matters in place of dealing with First Amendment matters. "If the American Civil Liberties Union becomes too busy to stick up for the First Amendment," Mann asks in conclusion, "then who will?"

The ACLU is very busy, but never too busy to stick up for the First Amendment. Mann ignores an ACLU operating principle: the ACLU takes *all* cases where our help is sought in protecting the freedom to speak; we take all other civil liberties cases selectively.

The docket of ACLU free speech cases includes not only the highly publicized cases on behalf of groups such as the Nazis or the Klan. It also includes the defense of former CIA agents such as

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Frank Snepp, Victor Marchetti and Philip Agee under attack for their writings about the Agency, and the defense of "whistle blowers" such as Ernest Fitzgerald, the Air Force cost specialist fired for speaking to Congress about the $2 billion cost overrun on the C5A transport plane. We represent thousands of persons on whom federal, state or local governments have compiled political dossiers for exercising freedoms of speech and association. We represent high school newspaper editors, prisoners, college students, soldiers and others who, in trying to speak, come into conflict with governmental restrictions. In our efforts to vindicate First Amendment rights of protest, we still represent large numbers of anti-war demonstrators, such as the 13,000 people arrested in the May Week demonstrations in Washington, D.C., in 1971 and the families of the young people killed at Kent State in 1970.

We do not apologize for opposing the war in Vietnam. Americans were taxed by the billions, conscripted by the millions and killed by the tens of thousands for a war that was never constitutionally declared.

We do not apologize for calling for the impeachment of Richard Nixon. Impeachment is the constitutionally prescribed remedy for dealing with a president who rends the fabric of the Constitution.

We do not apologize for placing heavy emphasis on the rights of women and the right to obtain abortions. On the contrary, we take great pride in our accomplishments in securing legal equality for women and in establishing a woman's right to choose whether to bear children.

We do not apologize for concerning ourselves with intrusions on privacy and abuses of due process that take place in the administration of government programs designed to aid the poor.

All of these activities are within the scope of the constitutional freedoms to which the ACLU is dedicated. Perhaps we can be faulted for not anticipating the severity of the reaction to the Skokie case. But as it became manifest, we determined to hold to our course and defend free speech for all despite some loss of support. The ACLU remains, as always, dedicated first and foremost to the First Amendment.

Norman Dorsen
Chairman, Board of Directors
American Civil Liberties Union

. . . On Dasher on Dancer On Prancer and Vixen . . .

To the editors:

Apologies to *New Republic* readers who may feel they have walked in on the middle of the movie. After I published a review in *The Nation* ("The Case Not Proved Against Alger Hiss"), which argued that whether one thought Hiss innocent or guilty, Weinstein's book, *Perjury*, confused rather than enlightened, because what was billed as a work of scholarship turned out to be a work of partisanship, I wired Weinstein c/o his publisher and offered him the opportunity to respond at his earliest convenience in *The Nation*.

Instead, he chose to reply in *The New Republic*, whose readers have not seen my review and therefore could not see how he or *TNR*'s editors, in an introductory note, falsified my position (I didn't write "a brief for the defense," I do believe Communists commit espionage, I am not a conspiracy-theorist). Because *TNR* has given me only 1200 words, I will limit my reply to the main points underlying Weinstein's argument. (A more detailed refutation will be available in a future issue of *The Nation* and *TNR* readers interested in securing a copy of my original review can do so by sending a stamped, return envelope to *The Nation*, 333 Ave. of the Americas, NY 10014.)

But first we should dispose of *TNR*'s suggestion that because I have questioned Weinstein's scholarship, it is "hypocritical" of me to pretend to "agnosticism" on the case. "This posture is ludicrous," says *TNR*, "because of the enormous amounts of information available. . . ." Although I am grateful for this glimpse into the criteria which presumably guide decision-making in the inner sanctums of *TNR*, I confess that the idea of deciding public issues by the quantity rather than the quality of the evidence never occurred to me.

It also, I gather, hasn't occurred to such persons as C. Vann Woodward, Norman Mailer, Norman Cousins, Anthony Lewis, James MacGregor Burns or David Reisman, all of whom were reported in *Harper's* (April 1976) to be agnostics on the case. As it happens, I start with the same presumption that Allen Weinstein claims to have had when he began his own research—that Hiss is innocent. (A claim thrown into further doubt by Sidney Zion who, in *New York Magazine*, quotes a 1969 Weinstein paper saying, "It would be folly to call him [Hiss] innocent at this point.")

Unlike Weinstein/*TNR*, however, I do not pretend to have arrived at a definitive judgment on the case—indeed my point is that the defects in *Perjury*'s scholarship render it irrelevant for all (including those who start from the presumption of Hiss's guilt) who hoped it might provide the occasion for converting presumption into belief.

Working from pre-publication galleys I wrote the half dozen new sources cited by Weinstein, enclosing xeroxes of the pages of the book quoting them, and essentially asked them two simple questions—were they quoted accurately, were they quoted in context. In six out of six cases they wrote back to correct the record. One would assume that, faced with such new evidence, a serious scholar would want to check with his interviewees to make certain—whatever he may or may not have on tape—that he had not over-relied on or misinterpreted his witnesses. Instead, Weinstein has rashly charged all of these erstwhile sources with "recanting" out of ideological motives when they found out what he had to say. I find this assumption unwarranted in fact, unscholarly in method and ungenerous to the individuals involved.

In addition, Weinstein's *TNR* reply reveals so many new research defects that one is driven to ask at what point may the accumulation of discrepancies be said to discredit the entire work. To cite but three examples to illustrate his mode of argument:

1) In Irving Howe's front-page review of *Perjury* in *The New York Times Book Review*, he says that perhaps the "most striking" new material Weinstein adds regarding Hiss's involvement in the Communist underground comes from the Czech historian Karel Kaplan. To bolster his account of the "recanter" (Weinstein's word) Kaplan's untaped statements, Weinstein says in *TNR*, "At my first meeting with Kaplan in Munich in 1977 I was accompanied by another American professor. . . ." But David Kennedy, the specialist in 20th century American history from Stanford who was present at the interview, now tells me he thought the whole enterprise seemed fishy and adds, "I told Allen I was very surprised he used any of it in his book."

2) To confirm extremely damaging malicious gossip regarding a dinner party in Chicago in 1968 at which Priscilla Hiss was supposed to have indiscreetly admitted that she was sick

(continued on page 38)

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 13, 1978

Another Cup of Coffee

Did you watch *Holocaust* and wonder anew how the United States could have stood by and done nothing while the Nazis destroyed the Jews of Europe? Did you wish that you had been old enough then, or powerful enough or aware enough to have protested, to have used influence, to have done *anything* to make your government take action? Well, the parallels are not exact, as they seldom are, but right now innocent people are being butchered regularly in Uganda. Something between 100,000 and 300,000 people have been killed since Idi Amin seized power in 1971. Your government isn't exactly *silent* about this; it protests Amin's "human rights violations" in all the proper diplomatic forums. But the United States has a simple and truly effective weapon that it could use against Amin. We don't have to bomb Kampala, or send troops or even employ a CIA assassination squad. All we have to do is boycott Ugandan coffee. The Carter administration is against a Ugandan coffee boycott. It has its reasons, but so did the Roosevelt administration at the time of the Holocaust.

Idi Amin is a member of a minority tribe and a minority religion in Uganda. He has no popular support. He rules by terror. He kills anyone he does not like. His agents are army officers whose loyalty he keeps by delegating to them the right to kill anyone they do not like, but keeping them in guns and ammunition and by bribing them with luxury items bought abroad. This is Amin's vulnerability: he has so completely wrecked the Ugandan economy that his country's one source of hard currency from abroad is its coffee exports, which amounted to $750 million in 1977. Without these exports, Amin would lose his chief means of keeping his henchmen in line. There is a good chance that an effective coffee boycott would spell the end of Idi Amin.

Even a boycott by the US alone would have impact. The United States is the largest importer of Ugandan coffee, accounting for one-third of Amin's coffee income. The other big buyers all are Western European nations, the largest being Great Britain. Some State Department officials argue that a US boycott would not be effective, since the Europeans would not join; and that even if they did, the Soviet Union and Libya would keep Amin propped up. Well, we find this no excuse at all. The only way to get the Europeans to join a boycott is to start one and shame them into joining. The US boycott alone would give Amin a sharp jolt. If the Soviet Union and Libya want to add to their reputations a credential as the world's sole guarantors of Idi Amin, let them. As matters stand, the United States in effect is joining them.

It is hard for individual citizens to boycott Ugandan coffee. It is used primarily as filler and as an ingredient in instant coffee, and any brand might contain some of it. In 1976 the two biggest purchasers were the Folger Coffee Company and General Foods Corporation, maker of Maxwell House. But the next two biggest were Saks International Inc. and ACLI Sugar Company, both of which are coffee brokers who sell what they import to other companies. For a boycott to be effective, Americans would have to stop drinking coffee entirely. But that does not make much sense, since only about four percent of America's coffee comes from Uganda. Any cup you drink might contain some Ugandan coffee, but very little. That is why the government should impose the boycott, and also why it would be so *easy*. The price of coffee would not go up by more than a few pennies a pound. There isn't even a strong coffee lobby opposing the boycott. The chief importers have told Congress they don't care if an embargo is imposed; they just want a national policy that will be imposed uniformly.

Representative Don J. Pease of Ohio has introduced legislation to cut off coffee imports and also to stop US exports to Uganda, which amounted to $14 million last year, mainly for telecommunications equipment. The Carter administration has opposed the Pease legislation. Meeting jointly under the chairmanship of Representative Charles Diggs, three subcommittees of

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the House International Relations Committee watered Pease's bills into a pasty non-binding resolution calling on President Carter to support economic measures against Uganda. The full International Relations Committee is likely to approve this no-bite measure, but citizen pressure could cause the committee, or the House as a whole, to reconsider.

The usual arguments against international economic boycotts for political reasons—that they don't work and that meanwhile they harm innocent citizens more than the offending government—don't apply in the case of Uganda. Neither Carter administration officials nor anti-embargo congressmen claim that Ugandan farmers would suffer more than Amin from a US import cutoff. The Ugandan government buys—or often seizes—coffee from the farmers and has a monopoly on sales abroad. It is Amin who benefits from coffee exports, and it is he who would be hurt directly by the boycott.

The administration's chief objection is that economics and politics shouldn't mix. As a State Department official put it, "Boycott actions are not consistent with the principles of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, to which the United States is committed as the basis for international commercial relations. Whenever these principles are set aside, their overall authority as a protection for our international trade interests is undermined." The United States, as a world economic power, does not want to mix morality with money, apparently for fear that other countries will start doing the same. This is a humbling argument, to say the least.

Actually, the US government regularly makes two exceptions to this rule. First, there are occasions when Congress, the people and the executive branch are so offended by a government's political philosophy that commerce stops being our first concern. Our boycotts against Cuba, Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos are examples. Second, there are situations where the United Nations says it is okay, as in the case of Rhodesia.

Unfortunately, neither exception applies to Uganda today. We will have to wait a very long time for the United Nations to authorize sanctions against Uganda. The UN majority is so possessed by anti-colonial paranoia, so terrified of threatening third-world solidarity, that it is willing to make a mockery of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Although some black African leaders publicly abhor Amin, the Africans as a whole are afraid to act against him, and so the United Nations does not act either. Some figures in the Carter administration and in Congress want to wait for the Africans to take the lead in condemning Amin, but there seems little likelihood that will happen, ever.

At the moment, neither Congress nor the administration seems sufficiently aroused by the butchery in Uganda to make an exception to our free trade principles. We submit that they ought to be, and that it is up to public opinion to make them so. Surely, there have to be limits to the amount of despotism, brutality and oppression that this country and the world can tolerate before taking action. Surely, Uganda has reached those limits. Some people will say that South Africa has, too, or that the Soviet Union, or Cambodia, or China justify equal sanctions. Perhaps they do. But these cases are more complex, or at least they are more controversial; and these are sturdy or independent economies that cannot be brought down easily or without much innocent suffering as a result of a boycott. The fact that there is little we can do or choose to do about the hard cases does not mean we should do nothing about the easy one. Let's start with Uganda, then argue about the others at our leisure.

The Making of a Superpower

Of all the insincere and implausible arguments offered by the Carter administration in defense of the proposed sale of 60 F-15 combat airplanes to Saudi Arabia, President Carter's latest is the most preposterous. This transaction, Carter told some visiting newspaper editors, is in Israel's best interests. The point, we presume, was offered more as rhetoric than analysis. But since the administration has been arguing more seriously that the jet planes in question would not harm Israel's security or shift the military balance in the Middle East, it does make sense to examine the evidence the supporters of the sale have mustered.

The administration seems to regard questions and doubts coming from the Congress as impertinences that undermine its ability to carry out foreign policy. In this regard, Carter's hauteur evokes memories of his predecessors, who also insisted on a free hand to pursue grand entanglements. During his campaign, Carter promised to conduct foreign policy in response to the sentiments of the *demos*. He also committed himself specifically against the arms sale he now claims is a matter of personal and national honor. But in office, like his predecessors, Carter has embarked on a campaign of disinformation and distortion to win a case in Congress that he cannot win on the merits.

Among the old techniques being used are selective declassification of secret information that supports the sale but combined with concealment of anything that might be embarrassing; misleading presentations of technical and political issues; scientific buzzwords intended to discourage the uninformed from asking the difficult questions; implications that there is secret information on the calamitous consequences that would ensue if Congress disapproved the sale; and whispered impugning of the motives of those who oppose the sale.

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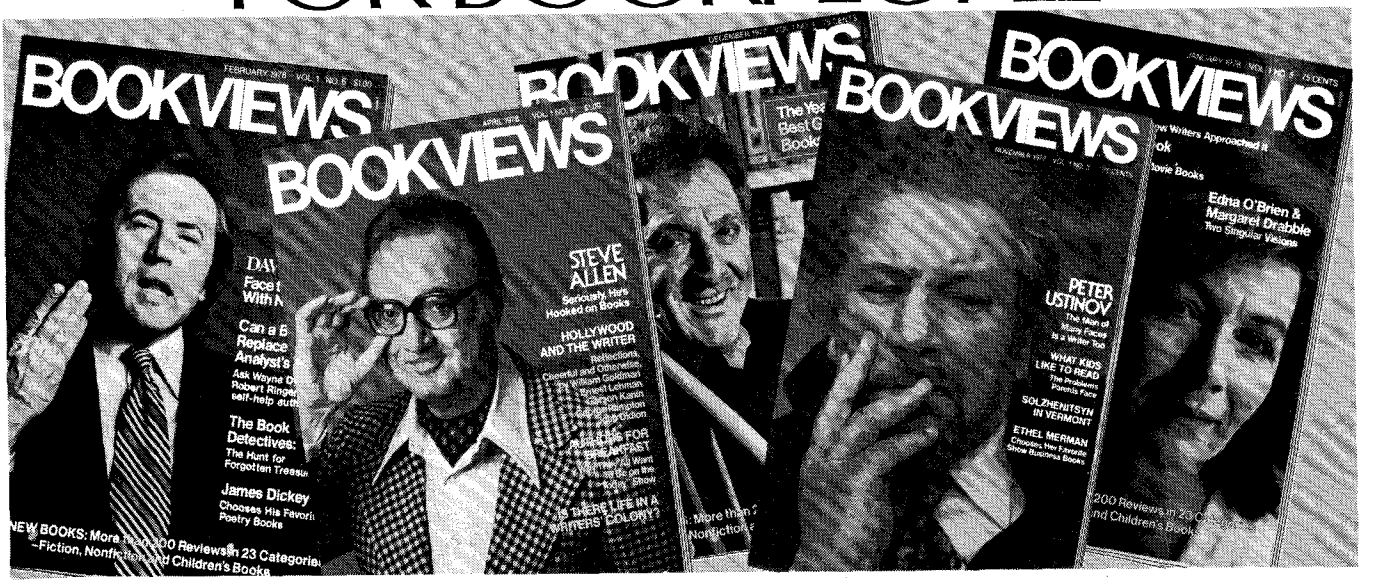

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support of the plane sale is that Saudi Arabia actually needs these planes for good reasons that don't concern Israel. Congress is told, for example, that Saudi Arabia is threatened by the Marxist regime and insurgencies on the southern tip of the Arabian Peninsula. But South Yemen has less than 30 outdated MiG-17s and MiG-21s. These would be no match for the 90 F-5s and 70 other combat airplanes already in the Saudi inventory. Yes, some Saudi villages were attacked during the Yemen civil war, but that was a decade ago when the Saudi air force was one-sixth its *present* size and incomparably less modern.

Congress also is told that the revolutionary regime of Iraq is a military threat to Saudi Arabia. This is an interesting hypothetical possibility, but a dubious rationale for arms sales. There is no significant border conflict between the two countries; there never has been a shot fired between them during the 15 years of Ba'athist rule in Baghdad; there has been a substantial improvement in their relationship over the past five years; and if Iraq turned on Saudi Arabia, it also would have to deal with Kuwait and an excessively armed Iran, as well as the existing Saudi air force. What exactly would be the purpose of an Iraqi air attack that could only strengthen the domestic hold of the Saudi royal family? Moreover, if an arms race started by Iraq can justify the present sale, the 60 F-15s will be only the beginning, a "drop in the bucket," as US Air Force Secretary John C. Stetson candidly described it. To match the Iraqi arsenal, the Saudis would need hundreds more airplanes, thousands of tanks, an AWACS or Hawkeye airborne radar and control system, and much, much more. The Iraqi rationale is what Mary McGrory called it: simply an alibi.

Congress is told that Saudi Arabia has no intention to use these weapons against Israel, and that it has not done so in the past. Saudi officials, on the other hand, have said quite explicitly that they would commit their forces in a future Arab-Israeli war. These officials include King Khalid, Crown Prince Fahd, Foreign Minister Saud and Defense Minister Sultan. In recent days, even as our executive branch has been reassuring our Congress that this is not the case, high Saudi officials have reaffirmed their pledge that the Saudi arsenal will be available to other Arabs in another military conflict. It is a matter of record that the Saudis committed forces in three previous wars against Israel (1948, 1967 and 1973). In each case the Saudis deployed a significant fraction of their total military resources. If they deploy similar proportions in a future war, when their military strength is ten times greater, the military effect would be considerable and Saudi Arabia would become a major confrontation state.

Congress is told that the F-15s will not be based at the Tabuk airfield nor at Gurayat and Turayf near Israel. This assertion is plausible, since these forward airfields would be vulnerable to Israeli pre-emptive attack. But Congress was previously told that the same bases would not be used for the F-5, yet these aircraft have operated out of Tabuk almost since the original deliveries began. The key word, therefore, is "based."

An F-5 or F-15 can operate out of an airfield where it is not based for several weeks; supplies of fuel, loading implements, weapons and spare parts can be delivered on transport planes, of which Saudi Arabia has many, including the very critical C-130s. The F-15s would most likely be "based" in the Saudi interior and moved to Tabuk as needed, just as NATO air forces in Europe rely on forward airfields with limited support facilities. Even so, no one has explained why the Saudi government is spending half a billion dollars to improve the Tabuk field, which is in a barren corner of Saudi Arabia 400 miles from its nearest population centers, 700 miles from the oil fields and 600 miles from Iraq, but only 150 miles from the Israeli port of Eilat. Similar military improvements are under way at formerly civil airports in Gurayat and Turayf, even closer to Israel's heartland.

Congress was not told that the United States Army Corps of Engineers is building the Saudis a paratroop facility and housing for several thousand soldiers at Tabuk. Paratroops are by definition *offensive* forces, whose mission is to capture positions held by the enemy. When the Tabuk paratroop facility was discovered, the Carter people explained that the other Saudi bases farther away from the Israeli border, such as the huge King Khalid military complex near the Iraqi border and the King Faisal complex at Khamis Mushayt, are just too crowded, and that the Saudis prefer to disperse facilities in various parts of the country. This explanation does not ring with truth; its improvised quality suggests that the president's entourage may not even have been aware that the US Army Corps of Engineers is building this $100 million establishment. To avoid further embarrassment, the administration may wish to learn that the corps is involved in more than 100 projects worth about $10 billion of military infrastructure all over Saudi Arabia. Not since Vietnam has the US been so involved in building up the military capability of any foreign country. All of this has happened without the consent or approval of the Congress, even though such commitments of personnel and equipment in the past have made us hostage to policies we would not otherwise endorse. One lesson to be learned from this ominous development is that not only arms sales should be reviewed by Congress before the executive branch can carry them out. Those other ways in which an administration can create a dangerous foreign policy *fait accompli* must also be open to congressional scrutiny.

The administration has told Congress that if the Saudis don't get our F-15s, they will buy the French F-1 instead. Some congressmen have found this argument persuasive. But the administration also asserts that the Saudis require a long-range interceptor because their

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country is so large, and that this is the main reason they need the F-15. But the F-1 is not a long-range interceptor! Its manufacturer, Dassault-Breguet, gives its radius of action as 175 miles without external fuel tanks and 279 miles with them, compared to 800 miles for the F-15. In any case, there are indications that the Saudis will buy the F-1 (or the Mirage 2000, which probably wouldn't be available till 1984) whether or not they get the F-15.

President Carter's pointmakers have chosen to call the F-15 a "defensive interceptor" because it can run long-range interdiction against enemy aircraft. It is a most peculiar usage of the term "defensive." Until the present controversy, the plane always had been characterized as the US Air Force's first-line air superiority offensive weapon. In fact, the F-15 is the most advanced fighter aircraft in the world. Its primary functions are air superiority and ground attack, including troop support over adversary territory. That is why it was conceived, why it was manufactured and why the US has been buying it. That is also why the Saudis want it so badly. It is primarily an offensive weapon and no Carter neologism can change that fact.

Nor will various proposed modifications in the F-15 affect its fundamental offensive capacity. These modifications are intended to make the sale more palatable to Congress. The decisions to eliminate multiple bomb ejection racks and the so-called "datalink" capability, and to forego the easy adaption that would allow the plane to carry Maverick air-to-ground missiles, are said to insure that these F-15s would be used only for air-to-air intercept missions and not for ground attacks on Israel. But these omissions would do nothing of the kind. Take the testimony of McDonnell Douglas, which builds the plane:

"Every F-15 ever made has built-in ground attack capabilities that don't have to be added on later. The same look-down radar, central computer, head-up display, and weapons delivery system that make the F-15 an air superiority fighter, give it the accuracy demanded for attack missions. Demonstrations of its accuracy have proven the F-15 to be as accurate as today's leading attack aircraft. . . . Air-to-air or air-to-ground, it's the same fighter."

The exclusion of the advanced "datalink" technology for guiding bombs would prevent use of some versions of the glide bombs. But it would not affect others dependent on television, infrared, or laser guidance. More significantly, this omission would not affect the system most likely to be employed in any Saudi offensive, the self-contained terminal guidance Distance Measuring Equipment. Nor would the datalink exclusion eliminate the MK-82 and MK-84 bombs, most cluster weapons and the other bombs the F-15 can handle. Similarly, the omission of multiple ejection racks might limit the number of MK-82s or other smaller weapons that could be carried, but it would have no effect on the plane's ability to carry the maximum number of MK-84s and their derivatives—the bombs the Saudis would be most likely to use in an attack. Finally, the exclusion of Maverick means nothing since the F-15 was not meant to carry Maverick missiles anyway. It still will be able to carry even more

Drawing by Mike Peters

destructive air-to-ground guided weapons, such as the GBU-15. The Maverick antitank missile has a range of about 30 miles and an explosive charge of about 125 pounds. But the range of the GBU-15 is about 60 miles and its explosive charge is 2000 pounds. Once they have the F-15s, the Saudis will be able to get the guided bombs on many weapons markets; in fact, they may probably even get them from us.

In its lobbying efforts, the administration suggests that the F-15 sale must be evaluated in light of our huge trade deficit with the Saudis. But our trade deficits with Iraq and Libya were about the same as that with Saudi Arabia in 1977. Do we propose also to sell weapons of devastation to these countries? In any case, the price tag of all 60 F-15s is less than three weeks' oil imports to the United States and one month's oil exports from Saudi Arabia.

The administration constantly relates the Saudi F-15s to President Sadat's peace initiative and the current diplomatic situation. But to sustain the momentum toward peace, Israel must believe in the American commitment to its security. It must be confident that a new arsenal will not embolden its old adversaries to try the military option against the Jewish state once more. President Carter has undercut Jerusalem's confidence in our commitment in many ways. One way has been by his assertion that a past administration's vague and secret oblations to the Saudis are of equal dignity with official, public US commitments to the defense of Israel. How can we expect Israel to take ever-greater concrete risks for peace when its best friend seems so unreliable? And who can confidently tell Israel that the Saudis will be content to have their new planes dot their desert landscape like so many oases rather than use them "for Jerusalem's sake?" The F-15 deliveries would not actually begin until 1981, but then the aircraft would be

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effective for well over a decade after that. Relating the planes to Sadat's extraordinary journey to Jerusalem naturally and understandably elicits a sympathetic response from many in Congress. But it is wrong to create irreversible long-term military realities on the basis of unstable political circumstances today. Congress has allowed that to happen in the past; it should not do so now.

It especially should not do so in the absence of any coherent moral justification by the administration for exactly the kind of commercial traffic in death that it had come into power opposing—that probably all the liberals who are now wavering came into power opposing. What, after all, are the values and purposes the Saudis would be fighting for with these 60 airplanes? We seem to be willing to sell weapons regardless of what values they attack or defend. That is nihilistic politics. One congressman said that this was the most difficult political decision he ever has faced. Why is this so? Why should he find it so difficult to refuse to join in establishing a superlatively armed fourth front on the borders of Israel? "Face the power of oil," one is told all over Washington. The only apt response to such cynicism is: "Face the fact of our cowardice, of our failed imagination, of our political bankruptcy." And then try to do something about it.

Not even the administration's Middle East voices have attempted to make an intrinsic case for the F-15 sale. The best they can do is point to perils, real or imagined, if the transaction were not to be approved. Are we, then, using arms commerce to make up for our inability to face down the Cubans around the Horn? Is the weapons connection the only way to keep the Wahabi monarchy from caving in to the Russians? In a shrewd dispatch from Riyadh, Joseph Kraft pointed out that such simplistic calculations do not fit the complex facts of Saudi politics and society. In recent days, unable to establish compelling justifications for putting Saudi Arabia on the super-power path, the most distinguished members of the F-15 sales force have resorted to diversionary tactics. The cheapest of these is to ignore the substance of issues and to focus on the pro-Israel lobby. James Reston, our leading conduit for pronunciamentoes from the inner sanctum, has become nearly hysterical at the thought that Moshe Dayan had argued his case against the Saudi plane deal to US senators. "What would Prime Minister Begin say if Cy Vance met in private with opposition leaders of the Knesset and argued against Mr. Begin's policies?" Reston asked incredulously. What does he think Cy Vance does when he sees Israeli opposition leaders? Argue *for* Begin's policies? Reston even appeared to resent Begin's arrival in the US to celebrate the 30th anniversary of Israel's independence. Does Reston always object to efforts by Americans to affect the policies of other countries? Does he think it was impertinent interference for 37 American Jews (including the editor of this journal) publicly to express their support for the Israeli domestic "Peace Now" movement?

Since the relative power of the opposing lobbies has become an issue in the F-15 debate, it may also warrant some comment here. *The New York Times* last week observed that "Israel's support in Washington comes from so many sources that it is inaccurate to refer to a single Israeli lobby." Whatever else the pro-Israel lobby actually is, it is a lobby of conviction, and of conviction steeled by history. It is not funded by vast commercial or financial interests, and it is not run by hired guns. This may be contrasted to the pro-Arab lobby, or at least those parts of the pro-Arab lobby representing the OPEC Arabs. These are all run by gentlemen out to make a buck. Some of them—such as Fred Dutton and William Fulbright—are quite respectable. (Indeed, respectability is a large part of what they're selling.) Others, whether they are registered as foreign agents or not, constitute a shabby lot. Should Congress fail to turn back the Saudi plane sale, it will be a victory for them: for John Connally, Spiro Agnew, Richard Kleindienst of administrations past and for Jimmy Carter's friend Bert Lance. There's little question what sort of values need to attract defenders motivated primarily by greed.

White House Watch

Gabbing With Harlow

Bryce N. (for Nathaniel) Harlow has asthmatic bronchitis, an ailment that keeps him short of breath and squirting inhalants. On June 30, at age 61, he is retiring from full-time work as Procter & Gamble's "vice president—national government relations," meaning chief Washington lobbyist. He will stay around Washington, consulting part time for P & G. But his impending retirement made occasion to gab with him the other day about Dwight D. Eisenhower, Richard M. Nixon, Spiro T. Agnew, Lyndon Johnson, John F. Kennedy, Sam Rayburn and lesser characters who have figured in Harlow's life since he arrived in Washington in 1939 from Oklahoma City, where his family published school and law books.

His father's closest friend, Congressman Wesley Disney of Oklahoma, had arranged a job for him as assistant librarian of the House of Representatives. It was "a beautiful job, about the best patronage job in Washington," Harlow says. He moved on from it to be Disney's chief assistant, a reserve officer assigned to lobby Congress for the US Army during World War II, and the first general counsel of the postwar House

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Armed Services Committee. After that, according to him being dragged kicking and screaming into a succession of jobs he didn't want, he was a White House lobbyist and assistant to Dwight D. Eisenhower during the eight years of that presidency; Eisenhower's friend and confidant in his last years; campaign strategist and writer for Richard Nixon in 1960 and 1968; twice, between 1969 and 1974, assistant and White House lobbyist for President Nixon; and in 1974-1976 unofficial adviser to President Gerald Ford. Most of the time and in most of his roles, including intermittent labor for P & G since 1961, Harlow has been a member in high standing of the community of Washington operators who survive and thrive regardless of who is President and what political party is in power. That doesn't entitle Harlow or anyone else to automatic respect. You would have to be mighty stupid, though, not to acquire a lot of knowledge and maybe some wisdom while compiling that kind of record. Bryce Harlow is not stupid. Here in condensed question-answer form are extracts from our most recent conversation.

Question: It was frequently said and written of Eisenhower that he was essentially apolitical, that he had no taste for politics and was a lousy politican. Did you find him so?

Harlow: That's totally wrong—absolutely, ridiculously wrong. For people to contend that a man who won in 1956 by the second largest landslide in US history after doing well the first time out in 1952 was not a politician is like trying to make water run uphill. Personally, he was a consummate politician. I was close to him, I moved around with him a great deal and I've heard him tell professional politicians: "Now here's what you do. Get out there. Don't look so serious. Smile. When the people are waving at you wave your arms and move your lips, so you look like you're talking to them. It doesn't matter what you say. Let 'em see that you're reacting to them." Once after he left office I took him down to San Antonio. The Republicans had a Marine Corps hero running against Henry Gonzalez, he's a Democrat and still in Congress. Gonzalez was very left-wing, an ADA fellow, a pacifist. That was a good race for the Republican Party, we thought. Ike grumbled and grumbled but he finally went. We start mucking around there and Ike says, "Lemme see that schedule. Why are we not going to a Catholic college? This is San Antonio, isn't it?" I said, "Mr. President, it's not our schedule. It's the candidate's schedule." He drags in this candidate and his manager. He had his five-star look on his face, you know. He says, "We're going to a Catholic college. You pick it out and tell 'em we are coming." So we went out to that college and the leaders of that college were just in ecstasy, rapturous. And people say, "Non-political Ike!" (Gonzalez won.)

Q: Another thing said and written about Eisenhower, particularly in his first term, was that he disliked dealing with Congress and was no good at it. Was that true?

A: Sure, I know. People said he sat around and didn't do anything and couldn't count to 10 and all that sort of thing. What people who thought he was no good with Congress missed was—Ike and Lyndon Johnson [then Majority Leader] and [House Speaker] Sam Rayburn were the dearest of friends. I'd put them together about every six weeks in the dead of night over there on the second floor of the White House Mansion with branch water and bourbon whiskey and they'd just have a ball. They just loved each other, but Johnson and Rayburn didn't want to be seen much with Ike because they thought he was an apostate to the Democratic Party. They had wanted him to be the Democratic President and he turned out to be the Republican President.

Q: Did he ever tell you whether he thought seriously of going for the Democratic nomination?

A: No. But I asked him why he went Republican. His answer was very simple. He said, to redress the balance in the system. Particularly with Congress. He said the Congress had been used by successive Presidents as a whipping boy and it had distorted our political process. He tried to restore the balance. He never once criticized a member of Congress by name. The press kept trying to get him to attack Senator Joseph McCarthy and he wouldn't do it. Joe McCarthy shriveled up and died because he couldn't make contact with Ike, couldn't get Ike into a confrontation. Ike told me half a dozen times, "That damn fool Truman *created* that monster. He didn't exist until Truman went eyeball-to-eyeball with him. Whenever a President does that with any individual he raises that individual to the President's level, and Truman was too stupid to understand that."

Q: Well, how about Ike refusing to defend General George Marshall when McCarthy and Senator Jenner said Marshall might as well have been a Communist?

A: I think Ike was very unproud of that. I think he was put up to it politically, by his political guys. That was in the 1952 campaign. I'm talking about him as President.

Q: How did you perceive Eisenhower's relationship with Vice President Nixon?

A: In the first term, it was father-son. I don't mean to say that was the feeling between them. But it was that kind of thing. Eisenhower was the old leader, a world figure, the symbol of all that was good and proper and *great.* Richard Nixon was—what? Vice President! He didn't amount to anything. I think Nixon during that first term had the same dismal inner emptiness that Lyndon Johnson had with John Kennedy as long as Kennedy was alive.

Q: Did Eisenhower really try to dump Nixon from the ticket in 1956?

A: Eisenhower talked to me about that after he left office, and I don't know whether I believed him or not. Ike said to me: "Dick was destined to become President at one time or another, in my opinion. I thought it was very important for Dick, if he was going to become

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President, to get some administrative experience, have some very important administrative responsibility, before he got into the Oval Office. So I wanted to make him secretary of one of the major departments, to train him up as a leader." Ike wanted Nixon to do that in Ike's second term, then he could be the candidate in 1960 and be able to manage something. Well, Richard Nixon took that as an effort to dump him and he went through a period of absolutely indescribable anguish. Finally Ike said oh well, all right, and publicly just said he wanted Nixon to be on the ticket again.

Q: How about 1960? Eisenhower said after Nixon lost to Kennedy that he wished he'd campaigned harder and sooner for Nixon.

A: Remember that in 1960 Ike had had his heart attack, his ileitis, he'd had a stroke. The doctors were leaning on people to leave him alone. Mrs. Eisenhower was extremely upset over his being used very much in the campaign. Ike had assigned me from the White House staff to help Nixon and he called me back to help with his speech when he finally came out hard for Nixon. I discovered that he was just climbing the wall with frustration at not being able to get out there and campaign. Maybe he wanted that more than Nixon wanted it. Nixon and his political advisers—Len Hall, Bill Rogers, Fred Seaton—felt they had to make sure that Nixon appeared in the campaign as a man in his own right, not as Eisenhower's little boy. It was a mistake. They overdid that."

Q: I know I'm asking you about a friend, a man you worked for and are loyal to. But—was something as wrong with Nixon as is generally assumed and, if so, what was it?

A: I don't know. I don't know that much about psychology, about him internally. I can just answer it this way. I came to the opinion that Richard Nixon in his early life was badly, badly hurt by somebody. A girl friend. A boy friend. Parents. A teacher. Someone hurt him very badly and turned that man into a person who did not really trust people. Since he did not really trust people, people did not really trust him. Richard Nixon went up the walls of life with his claws, only through his intellectual ability, and he had an extraordinarily fine mental apparatus, an extraordinarily acute intellect. He climbed to the top on his own, not trusting people but using them to the degree he could, for his purposes. Out of that he got lots of enemies, lots of success, and the enemies finally got him.

It's a strange thing. I've known a few antisocial political leaders. Not just Nixon—others. They are always curious beings. They are antisocial, yet they are in a livelihood that requires gregariousness. I think Nixon was never totally comfortable with that aspect of politics. Never liked it. Did it because it was required, part of the trade. I think that our current President is not without some of these attributes himself. I see similarities that are quite definite.

Q: What about Agnew? You directed him, pretty well programmed him, in the 1970 mid-term campaign, didn't you?

A: Well, I was one of his senior people. I travelled the whole campaign with him. In personality he was the most enjoyable political figure, just about, that I've ever been around. Tremendous fun to campaign with. Always playing pranks and never taking himself too seriously, or any of us. A very cooperative campaigner. And he was, I guess surprisingly to some people, principled about this stuff. He just wouldn't do cheap things and he told off some very high politicians who tried to get to him to do cheap things.

Q: Let's go to his sad end, to your final judgment of Agnew.

A: He was a product of a political system which is different from what it is in most states. The use of corporate money in campaigns and the use of campaign money in peculiar ways has occurred in Maryland for many years, in both political parties, as we have recently discovered in the case of Governor Mandel. I think Agnew was startled, very startled, to find that there was a morality problem involved in it. He never has accepted to this day that he was not victimized by an ex-post-facto morality that did not exist at the time of the offenses. That's what I think.

So spake Bryce Harlow, about the foregoing and many other matters and people. Maybe we'll get to the rest of it some time.

John Osborne

Anyone can join
the Massachusetts senate primary.

Party Games

Massachusetts is one of the most Democratic states in the union. Except for the Eisenhower landslides, it has gone with the Democrats in every presidential election since 1928. Right now, Democrats hold the governorship, the legislature by a three-to-one margin and 10 of the state's 12 congressional seats. So it's not surprising that when President Carter was shopping around to fill the post of Democratic National Committee treasurer, he settled on a Massachusetts Democrat, Evan Dobelle. For Dobelle's old job, US chief of protocol, Carter chose Dobelle's wife, Kit, who had been helping out in the protocol office without pay. Each of the Dobelles will now earn an annual salary of $50,000.

What makes these appointments interesting is less

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the husband-wife aspect than the fact that as Democrats, the Dobelles are rather short in pedigree. Evan, who will assume the job of retiring the Democratic debt of $2.8 million, was mayor of Pittsfield and a registered Republican when the Dobelles encountered Jimmy Carter. Carter's 1976 presidential campaign provoked a joint party conversion, just before the Bay State primary. Before all that, Evan Dobelle was a journeyman Republican staffer, campaigning for Governor Russell Peterson of Delaware, interning for Pennsylvania Senator Hugh Scott, and winding up as administrative assistant to Massachusetts Republican Senator Edward Brooke. Just before his race for mayor in Pittsfield, a non-partisan post, Dobelle lost a GOP primary for state senate. Kit Dobelle was once a deputy chairman of the Republican Party in Massachusetts, served as a staff aide to GOP Governor John Volpe and, back when she was only 23 years old, was the Republican nominee for Suffolk County registrar of probate.

Jimmy Carter didn't get where he is today by putting a high premium on party loyalty. Besides, one of the new axioms of American politics is that party is becoming less important in determining how the electorate makes its political choices. Once it becomes widely known that that's the trend among the voters, can the politicians be far behind?

In Massachusetts, where Dobell's old boss Edward Brooke is seeking a third term, fluid partisanship has had an important bearing on the outcome in his previous contests. Brooke's majorities of more than 60 percent have been constructed with the reliable support of Democrats and independents. He reciprocates with a voting record generally pleasing to environmentalists, liberals and labor: in favor of federal funds for abortion, protection of the wetlands and common situs picketing; against the B-1 bomber. Still, early polls showed that this year, Brooke might be vulnerable. His support is broad, but very thin, and voters have no sense that he's done much for Massachusetts. Their allegiance to Brooke apparently does not extend much beyond a general affinity. In addition, speculation that he might retire in favor of a television career, along with rumors of financial improprieties which surfaced at the time of his one-million-dollar divorce settlement, encouraged speculation that Brooke would attract a heavyweight Democratic opponent this fall. But when proven vote getters like Representative Michael Harrington, secretary of state Paul Guzzi and lieutenant governor Tom O'Neill (son of Tip) took their soundings, each backed off.

Among the things the prospective candidates discovered is that there just isn't much appetite for the race among important elements of the core Democratic constituency—namely liberals, blacks and organized labor. Some were personally reluctant to run against the only black to serve in the US Senate since 1880, especially when Massachusetts's otherwise Democratic blacks made it clear that they were for Brooke. Then, too, liberal Republican senators like Brooke, along with Clifford Case of New Jersey, Jacob Javits of New York, Charles Mathias of Maryland, and, before his rebirth as a Reagan Republican, Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania, are favorite beneficiaries of liberal funding organizations such as the Council for a Liveable World and the National Committee for an Effective Congress because they legitimate the claims of such organizations that their political contributions are distributed on a bipartisan basis. Big labor also likes to have reliable votes on both sides of the aisle. Thus there was little hope of raising much money from out of state for a race against Brooke.

But the precinct where enthusiasm for a challenge to Brooke was especially thin was the Carter White House. Blacks are too important a part of the constituency that nominated and elected Jimmy Carter for the president to have any role at all in Brooke's defeat. Also, despite the fact that nearly any Democrat with much chance to beat Brooke probably would turn out to be a more reliable pro-administration vote in the Senate, bipartisan support is a highly valued commodity around the White House these days. Brooke played a cozy game on the canal treaties, but he was in the right column on the roll calls. And he is believed to be favorably disposed on SALT, an issue where the administration may not have the assistance of minority leader Howard Baker in its quest for two thirds of the Senate. It will take a substantial war chest to beat Edward Brooke—he outspent his 1972 opponent four-to-one and still had $300,000 left over for this year—and the Democratic National Committee has made it very clear that it has no intention of choosing the Massachusetts senate race as a target worthy of special effort.

Brooke does have an opponent in the Republican primary, a local right-wing celebrity named Avi Nelson, who unsuccessfully sought the GOP nomination to oppose Father Robert Drinan in 1972. Through a radio talk show along with television and newspaper commentary, Nelson fashioned himself the voice of the resistance during the Boston busing controversy of

Sidney Hillman Award

Eliot Marshall, senior editor of *The New Republic*, has been awarded a 1977 Sidney Hillman Award for his series of articles, "Anatomy of Health Care Costs." The Sidney Hillman Foundation gives the awards each year "for outstanding contributions dealing with themes relating to the ideals which Sidney Hillman held throughout his life." Sidney Hillman was a leading social reformer and president for many years of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union.

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1976 and 1977. He rued the day calm was restored—saying, in effect, that the lack of violence gave the false impression that the community had acquiesced.

Avi Nelson's premise is that the Republican primary is likely to attract no more than 200,000 voters, and the majority of those will be hard-core conservatives who deplore Brooke's liberalism and care little about the bipartisan needs of a Democratic president. To capitalize on what he presumes will be an anti-busing base, Nelson is encouraging Democrats and independents in the communities of greatest resistance to re-register as Republicans, a tactic that has not yet produced any notable results.

Avi Nelson makes Massachusetts one of the few places where the vaunted right-wing challenges to progressive GOP senators actually have materialized. But few observers believe Brooke is seriously threatened in the primary. If Nelson does succeed in generating much interest, this probably will trigger a counter-reaction among independents who can vote as Republicans on primary day and thereby assure Brooke's renomination. Moreover, a virulent right-wing campaign against Brooke in the primary—which is what Nelson can be counted on to produce—will once again certify Brooke in the eyes of moderate and liberal voters in November.

With filing open until late June, the number of candidates on the Democratic side already has begun to proliferate. The most prominent is Elaine Noble, the only openly gay state legislator in America. Noble has problems keeping her house seat due to redistricting, and by working and voting too closely with the regular Democratic leadership, she has undercut her base among liberals somewhat. Still, she represents a fashionable cause and draws a crowd, so Noble will be an important factor in the outcome.

Another Democratic state representative with designs on Brooke's seat is Michael Connally, an anti-abortion, anti-busing Irish Catholic, who evidently hopes to hold the center on the strength of his ethnic background, while moving left to pick up some liberal votes. Connally sponsored a House resolution to limit the service of US senators to only two six-year terms. To drum up interest in the idea, he hiked across the Commonwealth. Connally's limitations may best be illustrated by the fact that it never occurred to him that his proposed two-term limitation would apply equally to Massachusetts's Irish Catholic senior senator, Edward Kennedy, as well as to Edward Brooke.

A recent entry in the race is Ruth Morgenthau, a Brandeis professor of political science presently serving with Ambassador Andrew Young's United Nations staff in New York. Morgenthau is best known in the academic community and among the liberal coterie in Cambridge.

A well established, mainstream Democrat who may desire to make the race is Robert Wood, author of *Suburbia*, an important book that described the impact of population shifts to the suburbs during the 1950s. Wood later served as undersecretary of HUD under LBJ. Until recently, he was president of the University of Massachusetts, a position that brought him into fractious contact with Governor Michael Dukakis. If he makes the race, Wood starts with the advantage of previous statewide exposure.

Another person eyeing the predominantly liberal Democratic primary field and weighing the possibilities is Howard Phillips, the man Richard Nixon chose in 1973 to dismantle the Office of Economic Opportunity. Phillips currently resides in Virginia, where he has been the moving force behind the Conservative Caucus, an outfit that falls very much within the definition of the "New Right." Phillips has devoted himself to the notion that it is possible to mold the myriad of right-wing single-issue constituencies—right to life, anti-gun control, anti-canal treaties, stop ERA, anti-busing—into a coherent new national conservative majority with an organizational base in each congressional district. Officially, he left the Republican Party in 1974, he says, to set up Conservatives for the Removal of the President, and has now become a Democrat.

For a time Howard Phillips's philosophical moorings were as loose as his partisanship and residency are today. He is remembered as a rather liberal Republican during his student days, one who drifted right under the tutelage of William F. Buckley to become a founding member of the ultra-conservative Young Americans for Freedom. For a time he was chairman of the GOP city committee in Boston.

As if to prove he does not favor carpetbagging in principle, Howard Phillips stresses the fact that he has voted in Massachusetts since his days at Harvard, and that he also pays taxes there. A lot of Massachusetts Democrats are social conservatives, Phillips reasons, as evidenced by their 44-percent support for Henry Jackson, George Wallace and Ellen McCormack in the nine-choice 1976 presidential primary. With the rest of the field divvying up the liberal vote, Phillips hopes to eke out a plurality by stressing his support for right to life, capital punishment, and a strong defense; along with his opposition to busing, quotas and the canal treaties. "In all probability, my dominant theme will be taxes," Phillips says. "I'm the only person in America who has ever tried to close down a federal agency." His slogan: "Vote for the real democrat."

If Democrat Howard Phillips's campaign gets off the ground, it probably will be fueled by the direct mail fundraising of right-wing Republican Richard Viguerie. Then, if the unthinkable happens and Avi Nelson whips Edward Brooke in the Republican primary and Phillips manages a plurality in a crowded Democratic field, the erstwhile partisan Phillips is counting on, of all things, party loyalty to pull him through in November. "After all," he says, with the statistics right on the tip of his tongue, "there are 1.5

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million Democrats in Massachusetts, 1.1 million independents and only 450,000 Republicans."

Hale Champion once said that Massachusetts has a "densely textured politics." This year, something has come unraveled.

Ken Bode

On the Hill

The Phantom Abuse

It's not often that the American Civil Liberties Union raises its voice against a bill with "reform" in the title, but when it does, we should pay attention. For about three years, the ACLU has waged a campaign against something called the "Lobbying Reform Act," a bill designed to clean up and sweep away some vague evils said to exist on Capitol Hill. The only lobbying bill now in force was passed in 1946, a toothless bit of law, its critics say, that asks congressional lobbyists to register, but doesn't ask them to divulge much information. It does not provide for enforcement, either, and it is widely ignored. The Lobbying Reform Act of 1978 would make up for these inadequacies with a vengeance. One version of it passed the House on April 26 by a vote of 259-140, and a second version with more demanding standards for public disclosure will be taken up in the Senate this year. It is expected to pass easily.

David Landau of the ACLU's Washington office called the bill "a mess" and said last week it would create "an IRS for lobbying." He believes that some of the reporting requirements will have a "general chilling effect" on peoples' inclination to lobby Congress. The burden of complying with the new law, he believes, would not be very great for large public interest lobbies like the ACLU, but it would represent a considerable and discouraging burden for marginal lobbies, small businesses and unions, churches and some environmental groups. The law empowers the comptroller general—an agent of Congress—to conduct investigations of lobbyists to find out whether they have filled out their forms correctly and made public all the information that is required of them. His authority will be backed up with criminal sanctions, the maximum penalty for deceiving him being two years in prison. This will lend the lobby regulations an intimidating force they have not had before.

The first thing wrong with the bill, in Landau's opinion, is that it attempts to register not just groups that lean directly on congressmen and their staffs, but also those that lean indirectly—the ones that stir up the voters and get them to write letters to Congress. The traditional sort of lobbying is thought to require close scrutiny and regulation because it's sort of a cheat on the democratic process. But getting citizens stirred up about the issues is precisely the kind of pressure politics one wants to *encourage* in a democracy. It is a misnomer to call it lobbying. In his testimony on the bill this year, Landau said, "We believe that if there is any abuse or appearance of abuse in lobbying, it is to be found in gifts and direct contacts with members of Congress. . . ," not in "the advocacy of ideas." Yet the new bill (S. 2971)—sponsored by Senators Ribicoff, Kennedy, Clark, Stafford, Percy and Javits—would require political pamphleteers to register as lobbyists and file quarterly reports on their activities. Here is how it would work. If an organization were to spend more than $5000 in one quarter-year to send out a "lobbying solicitation" (by which the law means a political ad, a letter or telegram urging someone to write to Congress), and if the solicitation reached 500 people, 100 employees, 25 officers or 12 affiliates of the organization, then the organization would have to register as a lobbyist. This would mean, for example, that any group buying a half-page political ad in *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post* automatically would have to register and file a report. Any group that spent $5000 in a quarter to send out a newsletter urging 500 members or more to write Congress would have to do the same. This change in law would sweep under the lobby regulations many activities that were not considered to be lobbying before.

In addition, the bill would expand the coverage of traditional lobbies. The Senate bill would bring under regulation any group that employed someone who, in his official capacity, made 15 or more "oral lobbying communications" in one quarter. A lobbying communication is a message "directed to a federal officer or employee to influence the content or disposition of any issue before Congress. . . ." Any group that spent $1250 a quarter to hire an agent to lobby Congress also would have to register, as would a group that employed one person who spent 24 hours in a quarter drafting and sending messages to Congress. The bill focuses primarily on groups, and does not require that names of lobbying group members be made public, except for the names of those who act as lobbyists or direct lobby groups.

The ACLU's second complaint about the bill is that it's snarled and complex. Someone has called it a 36-page exception to the First Amendment, and it is a terribly muddled one at that. One shudders to imagine the bureaucracy it could give birth to. For example, the bill proposes to create two reporting forms—a long one and a short one. This was intended to make it easier for small groups to file their papers, but the real effect may be to force each group to hire a lawyer to find out which category it falls into. As time goes by, the bill inevitably will be amended and lengthened. Exceptions may be added and dropped. It is conceivable that a legal

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industry will spring up around lobby law just as one has bloomed around the election reform act, the equal employment laws and the environmental protection regulations. If this happens, the nuisance of filling out lobby reports will not encumber the large corporations at all, though they are the groups the bill really is meant to monitor. It will not interfere with the established labor or public-interest groups that already know their way through the maze. But it might develop into a barrier against newcomers. It could raise the admission fee for those who want to lobby Congress. And that would diminish free speech.

The ACLU is upset that Congress would tinker with the First Amendment in this way without first making an inquiry into the alleged abuses that need reforming. There were several hearings in the committees that wrote the bill, but they were used to gather opinions, not to elicit evidence of corruption or misbehavior by lobbyists. Instead, the drafters of the bill set to work on the assumption that public disclosure is good in itself. Even if there were nothing more than a suspicion of wrongdoing in the air, they decided, the best remedy is to put tons of data in public files. This busy-work is intended to "restore public confidence in government," as the refrain goes. The same assumption underlies several reforms enacted in recent years, including those that require congressmen to file public reports on the source of their campaign funds and on their personal finances. The chief promoter of these disclosure laws has been Common Cause, the group that calls itself the "citizens' lobby" for good government.

Michael Cole, a Common Cause staffer who has worked for three years to get the lobby bill enacted, agreed last week that no one has documented the existence of any corruption in lobbying. However, he said, the purpose of the reform bill was not to stop corruption but rather to educate the public. Anyone who is interested should be able to find out how much is spent to influence Congress, who spends it and for what purposes. That's an understandable goal. But why must the government also keep files on what Common Cause refers to as "indirect lobbying"—the buying of newspaper ads and publishing of newsletters? Cole's answer is that indirect persuasion is the "growth area" of lobbying today. Corporations and business groups have followed the example of labor unions and other interest groups and begun to spend large sums on political agitation. Common Cause thinks that anyone should be able to look in the public files and learn how much Mobil spends each year to mold political opinion. Cole dismissed the argument that filing reports on such spending would work a hardship for small organizations. He said the reporting requirements are so slight that he couldn't imagine anyone being scared off by the work or by the complexity of the law. Anyone who's seriously interested in lobbying, he said, will not find this to be an obstacle.

The Lobby Reform Act has been softened considerably since it was first proposed by Common Cause. The original plan would have required all lobbyists to keep full records on every congressman or congressional aide they contacted while plying their trade. This would have presented a monumental task not only for the lobbyists but also for the recordkeepers. This discarded idea is now referred to as Common Cause's encyclopedia-of-lobbying bill. It was trimmed back to become the more reasonable bill that is before Congress today. But it could stand some more trimming. The first cut should take out the clause that would create a file on indirect lobbies.

Eliot Marshall

With special guest star Jerry Brown.

Begin on Tour

Chicago

"If the Americans were arranging this," an Israeli journalist observed at the outset, "I'd say they were planning for Begin to have a massive heart attack. But he arranged it himself." Indeed he did. Sixty-four years old, the victim of one heart attack already, Menachem Begin set off last week on a punishing journey back and forth across the United States. His purpose was to lead this country in observances of Israel's 30th anniversary of statehood. But in his four or five speeches a day, he seemed driven to solidify American Jewry, which had been showing signs of fissure; to educate American gentiles, whose loyalty to Israel seemed wavering, and, ultimately, to effect some change in the policies of the Carter administration. He seems to have achieved some success in the Jewish communities he visited, but there is reason to wonder whether anything has changed either in the White House or in public opinion.

Begin tried to declare a victory of sorts over the administration even before his cross-country campaign had begun by claiming last Monday, following a meeting with President Carter and ceremonies on the White House lawn, that "a great change" for the better had taken place in the atmosphere of US-Israeli relations and that this change might be "quite important." Members of Begin's traveling party asserted that after Begin's last visit to Washington in March, the administration had launched a campaign to "destroy Israel in the eyes of the American public" in order to force Israeli diplomatic concessions to Egypt.

Elements of the Carter offensive, the Israelis claimed, included "misrepresentations" of Begin's peace proposals and charges that Israel had misused US-supplied weapons, including anti-personnel cluster

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He brought it on himself.

Aldo Moro's Legacy

by Michael Ledeen

Four months ago I wrote in these pages ("Italy Awaits Caesar," January 7) that Italy was "on the verge of a dramatic political breakthrough, which will in all probability bring the Italian Communist Party (PCI) into the Cabinet or into the parliamentary majority supporting the government in the next year. This event . . . is being accelerated by a wave of terrorism without equal in the West, a heightening economic crisis, and a growing conviction that the government is totally without the means, the will, and inspiration to solve it."

The Communist breakthrough occurred on March 16, when a new minority Christian Democratic (DC) government was confirmed by a "programmatic majority" in Parliament which included Enrico Berlinguer's Communists. This broke a psychological barrier that had excluded the Communists from any normal participation in the national government for 30 years, and was a triumph for the remarkable negotiating skills of Aldo Moro, the Christian Democratic leader who most Italians believed would become the next president of the Republic in year-end elections.

The Christian Democrats had decided that they could not survive a direct clash with the Communists, and convinced themselves that giving the PCI another paper-thin salami slice of power would work against the Communists in the long run. Moro argued that there was great tension within the PCI between its traditional revolutionary base and its reformist leadership, and he hoped to bring that tension to the breaking point by forcing the Communists to support an antiterrorist program and some wage and price controls. Yet many outsiders, including practically all American government experts in Rome and Washington, believed that Moro was only delaying the moment of truth. Moro had said for years that the participation of Communists in the government was inevitable, and that the best one could do was to stall, hoping for a miracle (such as a Russian adventure in Yugoslavia).

Moro's March strategy was a continuation of methods that had served the country so badly for so long. The Christian Democratic Party has been in a coma for a decade, having failed to propose any reasonable action for a country in desperate need of social and industrial innovation, and having failed to defend the state against the assault from the left. In response to Communist and Socialist demands, the DC had dismantled the intelligence services; Italy is now without the most effective weapon against terrorism. Judges released suspected terrorists and violent recidivists; tribunals failed to bring severe sentences against convicted terrorists of both political extremes; and intellectuals wondered out loud if a citizen had any responsibility to defend the state against its violent enemies. Substantial changes are necessary if Italy is to solve her grave problems. But Aldo Moro preferred a political maneuver.

The DC-PCI compromise was worthy of Moro's legendary skill. He grimly stuck to his plan of involving both parties (along with three lesser ones) in the governmental program, even though many insiders believed that the Communists—who had precipitously brought down the previous government—yearned to return to the opposition. It was not an easy task. A group of nearly 100 DC deputies, with mixed political philosophies, opposed the plan, and Moro only convinced them to go along with his arrangements after a considerable struggle.

On the way to witness the results of his protracted political labors, Moro was kidnapped by the Red Brigades in a classic terrorist action on the outskirts of Rome. A month and a half later, he remains a hostage. The terrorists are demanding the release of their imprisoned comrades, but the government has refused to negotiate such an exchange. Nobody can be sure of the ultimate consequences of Moro's capture for Italy and the West.

Like the other terrorist assaults that preceded and followed it, the Moro seizure strengthens the hand of the PCI, which has been insisting for several years that only Communist participation in the government can guarantee law and order. This claim is based on two generally unstated assumptions: first, that only the PCI can "tame" the unruly trade union movement and thus bring some small measure of sanity to the derelict national economy; and second, that the PCI can penetrate and destroy the largely left-wing terrorist groups that have produced an epidemic of violence in the major northern and central cities. (There is little

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political terrorism in Sicily; the Mafia won't tolerate it.)

Both of these assumptions about the Communists are dubious, but they reflect the Communist Party's own role in bringing Italy to its knees. The Communist-led trade unions have helped to produce Italy's economic difficulties and 30 years of communist rhetoric have spawned a plethora of insurrectionist groups. The Communists always have condemned terrorism of the right, but until very recently have steadfastly refused to attack terrorism of the left. Indeed, before last week the PCI had contended that the violent epidemic had begun in the late 1960s as part of a right-wing conspiracy (aided and abetted by the United States) to turn Italy into a "second Chile." Now they have executed an abrupt about-face: after some initial confusion, when PCI leaders suggested that the CIA had engineered the Moro kidnapping, the Communist Party now declares itself firmly opposed to leftist terrorism, and has supported the government's policy of refusing to deal with the Red Brigades.

This has so impressed some American journalists that you might even believe that the PCI was a prime target of the Red Brigades. *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* tell us that both Christian Democrats and Communists have been terrorist targets. This is technically true, but the proportions are important. Of the nearly three thousand assaults recorded by the Italian Ministry of the Interior since January 1977—hundreds of which were perpetrated by the Red Brigades—exactly two were directed against Communists. This understandably bothers the PCI, which fears that somebody might suspect (quite wrongly, in my view) that there is some connection between the Communist Party and the Red Brigades. So an amazing story has been circulating, to the effect that the *real* target of the Red Brigades on March 16 was Berlinguer, not Moro. This is a fable, but it has appeared in virtually every major newspaper in the world.

The Red Brigades *do* have a quarrel with the PCI, but it is quite different from their war against the Christian Democrats. The Red Brigades wish to destroy the Christian Democrats, while they want to rejuvenate Italian communism. One should not underestimate these people; their theoretical utterances are closely reasoned and often very perceptive, and their actions have been models of planning and execution. The Red Brigades are professional terrorists. They appear to have the usual international connections of such groups. Their ideology is a mixture of Lenin, Che, Wahdi Haddad and Ulrike Meinhof. Their connections—as Ronald Koven wrote in *The Washington Post* last month—include old PCI clandestine groups in both Italy and Czechoslovakia, along with the Baader-Meinhof gang, Palestinian terror groups and so forth. According to Richard Burt in the *The New York Times*, even the American government—usually a nest of anti-conspiracy theories—is investigating the Czech connections of the Red Brigades. If James Reston is correct, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance raised this very question with the Russians in Moscow last month.

Henry Tanner, the *Times* man on the scene, sees the Red Brigades as the product of an unsatisfactory labor market and crowded university campuses. (Tanner often discussed Palestinian terrorists in much the same terms when he was stationed in the Middle East.) In fact, the Red Brigades come from a violently overheated ideological atmosphere in which hatred for the existing order has been festering for many years. The source of the ideological hatred is the Italian left. This means above all the Communists (with help from the Socialists and others) who created "the movement" and now have abandoned it in favor of more byzantine forms of behavior. It has become a commonplace to say that the terrorists believe the PCI has "sold out." But this is rather like suggesting that the monster felt he'd been betrayed by Doctor Frankenstein.

In all the "explanations" of Italian terrorism now filling the Sunday supplements, from Mary McGrory (terrorism as the result of centuries of foreign invasions) to Flora Lewis (terrorism as a symptom of decay) and Aaron Latham (terrorism as a student movement that never got absorbed by the society), no one has mentioned the basic historic elements of Italian politics. Italian terrorism cannot be understood unless one recognizes that Italian politics have been blocked for 30 years by the lack of an acceptable alternative to the Christian Democratic Party. Imagine the American Republican Party, still led by the group that ran it in the 1950s, in office without interruption from 1948 to the present. The country would be under the leadership of Senators Taft, Nixon, Dirksen, and so forth, with Dwight Eisenhower serving at the Cabinet level along with Barry Goldwater (a "new face"), Jacob Javits, the Dulles brothers and Nelson Rockefeller. The Democratic Party, in this scenario, is led by Gus Hall, who goes to Moscow every couple of years for consultations with his friends. Gus runs his party on strict principles of democratic centralism. He tells America's allies that he's all for NATO and free enterprise, but he tells the mass rallies of his own party that he wishes to lead America to true socialism and a new neutrality. And all the while he praises the achievements of the Soviet Union.

This begins to resemble Italian politics today. Neither of the two parties offers any realistic hope for a decent way out of the impasse. We find an economic system in terrible straits, productivity and imports dropping, unemployment rising, inflation running around 20 percent, and foreign investors heading toward the exit. Meanwhile, intense ideological polarization makes "moderate" a term of opprobrium.

This is the background of the Red Brigades. The capture of Aldo Moro is only the logical outcome of a 30-year process that has destroyed the cultural humus in which democracy can survive.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

British Tailorings

Question: What have the following well-known British and French actors in common? Richard Burton, Lino Ventura, Harry Andrews, Alan Badel, Marie-Christine Barrault, Jeremy Brett, Michael Hordern, Gordon Jackson, Derek Jacobi, Michael Caine, Louis Jourdan, Stephane Audran, and David Warner.

Answer: They are all in two new dismal thrillers.

More dismal than the films themselves is the fact that these people are working in them. All of them have made poor films before, and some of them (Badel and Warner) I don't even like very much, but to see them all parade by in service of the unserviceable made me gloomy. Not because of any question of selling-out (a subject that plagues those who don't know much about the history of great artists), but because the parade underscores the dog days of the film business—especially in Britain.

The Medusa Touch (Warner Bros.) has all the people listed above from Burton, who will play Lear on Broadway next season, to Jacobi, who played Hamlet in Edinburgh last summer. Some Americans were involved in the production, but it's a British film. In the last few years, several histories of postwar British film have chronicled missed opportunities: worse, after the British film world realized its postwar mistakes, it took stock, made plans, and plunged on with bigger mistakes. The latest is the latest power in British film, Sir Lew Grade. My joke last year—that he ought to be called Sir Low Grade—may have been feeble but it's gathering strength. His name on a film has become a guarantee of platitude, sentimentality, and eventual offense.

The Medusa Touch is the second film in a month about telekinesis. Admittedly Jack Gold's direction is less pretentious than Brian De Palma's bombast in *The Fury*, and the script has fewer airs: but finally it's no less ludicrous than *The Fury*, just skinnier. Burton somnambulates through the role of a man afflicted with malevolence and the power to use it through thought waves. He seems so tired that when people look into his face and are startled by what they see, I could only assume that they're surprised by a man fast asleep with his eyes open. The one wisp of interest in the picture is provided by Lino Ventura, as a French detective on some sort of exchange job in London. Ventura shows again that his career has been poorly handled. He could have had something of the success of a Jean Gabin, particularly the later Gabin.

When talk about the bankruptcy of British film comes up these days, the usual comment is that all their creative energies are going into television. (A response that infuriates visiting Englishmen because the British TV that is seen here—*Upstairs, Downstairs*, the Dickens and Trollope serials—seems to them the most middling and unexciting of the work on television there.) The basic problem is of course economic, not creative: there's insufficient British capital to use British talent in British films so the talent goes to TV: except for Grade who, with American aid, manages to keep the imaginative dregs dregging along.

Silver Bears (Columbia), which includes Caine and the names following his in the list above, has a number of English actors and London sequences, but is a somewhat different case, American in origin. The script by Peter Stone, from a novel by Paul E. Erdman, is a passable reworking of the International Caper idea. The basic gimmick is the one used by Joel Sayre in his short novel *Rackety Rax* (filmed in 1932). In Sayre's story some racketeers, impressed by the crowds at college football games, buy a rundown one-horse college just for the name and charter so they can build a football team and get some of the college action. In *Silver Bears* the Mafia buys a ramshackle bank in Lugano just so they can get a Swiss banking charter and cut themselves in on something big. The plot isn't too tacky for this kind of picture, the dialogue is fairly brisk, most of the cast could have been satisfactory, but the direction wrestles the whole thing right into the ground.

It's a sadness. Ivan Passer, the emigré Czech who directed, made one of the best small-scale films I know, *Intimate Lighting* (*TNR*, Jan. 17, '70). Since he began work in the US in 1971 he has shown nothing but discomfort; in *Law and Disorder* Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine were almost visibly embarrassed. Passer apparently doesn't have sufficient feeling for English to keep even a usually deft actor like Michael Caine from pounding his lines and slogging his cues. With an actor like Martin Balsam, who is good only when carefully controlled, Passer seems numb; with someone like Jay Leno, whom even the strictest control couldn't help, the results are amateur. Stephane Audran is beautiful, but even Passer can't prevent that. The only pleasant surprise is Cybill Shepherd as a goofy sexy American wife abroad: well costumed by Ruth Myers, Shepherd, who always photographs well, gives a leggy funny performance.

Passer is so temperamentally unsuited to fast action that he keeps straining

Films Worth Seeing

Close Encounters of the Third Kind. Not really about space and the future—about us and what we want them to be.

The Goodbye Girl. Herbert Ross helps Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss to breeze their way through Neil Simon's best-knit comedy.

Saturday Night Fever. Run-of-the-milieu, livened by John Travolta's voltage.

A Woman of Paris. Chaplin's "lost" serious film (1923) with Edna Purviance and Adolphe Menjou. Chaplin isn't in it (except a flash), but he directs the hokey story with some wizardry.

SK

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with overhead shots and low-angle shots, and he can't avoid one of the oldest tip-off shots in the film lexicon. (Gold uses it too in *The Medusa Touch* with Ventura.) The camera insists on following Caine down the hall to his room, when he's merely supposed to be going to bed, so we know there must be a surprise waiting in the room or else the camera wouldn't be following him.

If Passer ever has the chance again to do a film in the same scale as *Intimate Lighting*, about people and a culture that he knows, he might give us more delicate character tracery. It's sad to see him trying to get *with* different modes in a new culture.

And an English film from an English classic, *Joseph Andrews* (Paramount).

When I see an 18th-century film directed by Tony Richardson, I can only be glad that Richardson didn't direct the 18th century. We've long known that the grace and daintiness usually linked with the period are far from the whole portrait, that squalor and incredible cruelty were at least equally present; but Richardson has added another element to the century—frenzy.

In 1963 Richardson directed the film of Henry Fielding's later novel *Tom Jones*, and there's a possibly apocryphal story about it. I've heard that after the shooting was finished, everyone connected with the picture thought it was a dud and just wanted to get away; that all the bits of film were handed over to the editor Tony Gibbs to do what he could with them; that Gibbs threw out stuff and then snipped off the beginnings and ends of a lot of what he saved, and that the resultant success surprised no one more than the people originally concerned with the shooting.

I don't know if that story is true, but if it were, it would help to explain the rhythms that seem *imposed* on *Tom Jones*. It would also help to explain this latest Richardson-out-of-Fielding job in which the alleged rescue method of *Tom Jones* seems to have ruled from the start. Everything whirls at such a frantic pace that a good deal of the character and a lot of the comedy are smothered by sheer muscularity and by explicating the implicit—particularly the sex.

It's a pity: because films on such good subjects are very rare these days; because David Watkin's cinematography is (for a change) more subtle than the director's direction; because many in the cast are excellent. Michael Hordern —again!—is Parson Adams, the true center of the novel, and is as fine as he's allowed to be. John Gielgud in a brief witty appearance as a doctor; Beryl Reid as Mrs. Slipslop; Jim Dale as the pedlar; Ronald Pickup as Mr. Wilson—all right, right, right. Peter Firth, the Joseph, is somewhat too adenoidal to be an appealing innocent (I can't really explain that remark, it's a matter of affect), but Natalie Ogle is bucolically virginal as Fanny, and Ann-Margret, though she lacks anything like period flavor as Lady Booby, nicely scents the screen with privilege-as-prurience. But Richardson keeps running scared, as if he were afraid of boring the audience with a historical picture if there's not a lot of tempo and tits. If he had slowed down to a mere gallop, if he had been more suggestive than slambang, the result might have been comic, not hectic.

James Lardner on television

Making History

When television gets serious, it sometimes gets very serious indeed. It ambles merrily along for months at a clip without ever addressing a weightier question than whether John Ritter will at last land Suzanne Somers in the sack, and then—WHAMO!—one night it starts telling us about the slaughter of six million Jews by the Nazis. Such sudden shifts of mood are part of the medium's charm.

After the recent ratings disaster of NBC's "King," industry observers could be heard muttering that the American people had no stomach for serious TV. We had been tested. We had been found wanting. As a result, there was apprehension about just how many of us

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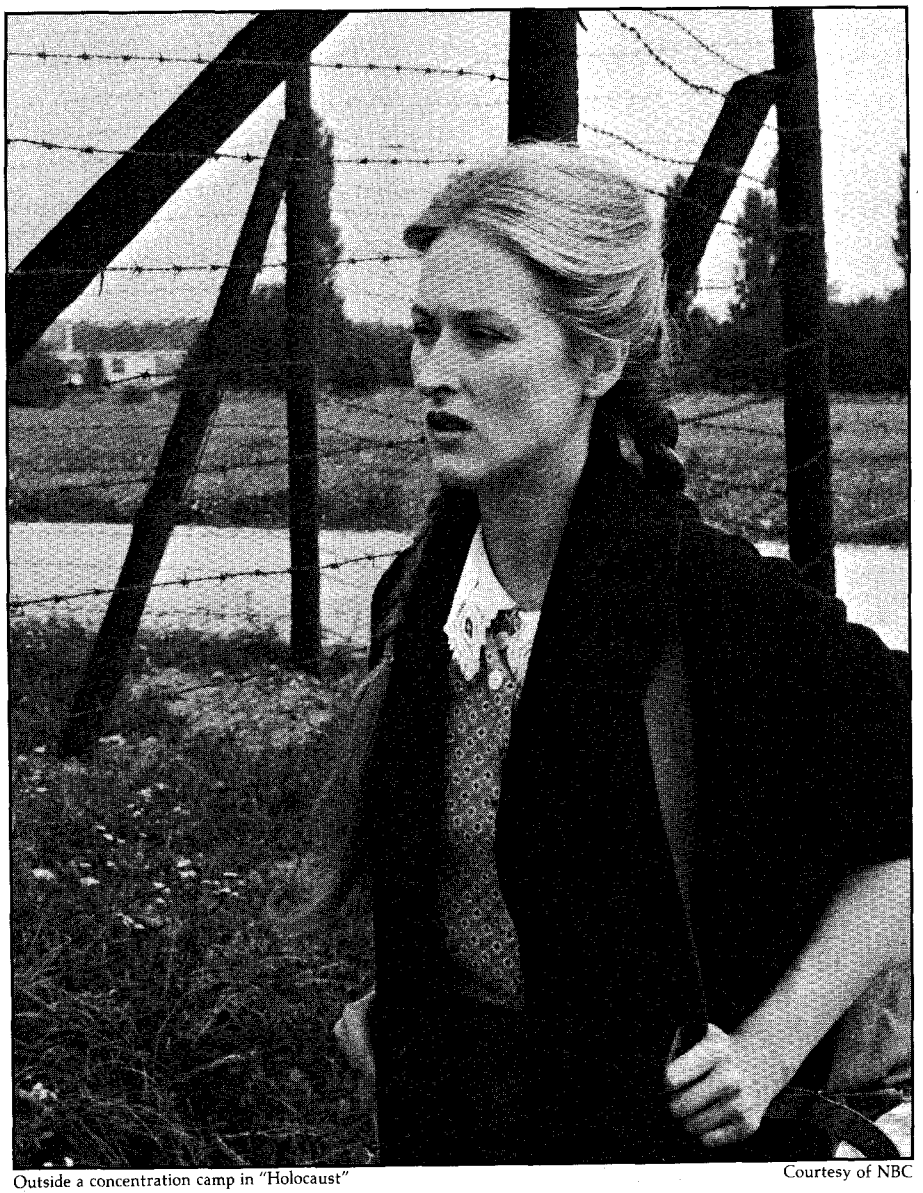

Outside a concentration camp in "Holocaust" Courtesy of NBC

would be willing to subject ourselves to a nine-and-a-half hour, four-part history of a Jewish family living and dying—rather graphically, too—under the Nazis. Now NBC proclaims that 120 million people watched the final installment of *Holocaust*. So we can show our kissers in public again. We have passed the test.

Or have we?

Holocaust, beyond being about a phenomenon that holds a peculiar fascination for many Americans (have a look at the number of best-selling paperbacks with swastikas on their covers), was the beneficiary of an extraordinary promotional campaign. Newspapers and magazines that had failed to anticipate the impact of *Roots* last year went out of their way this time to get in on the ground floor. So notwithstanding those 120 million viewers, I take it for granted that Americans *have* demonstrated a resistance to serious TV, and will demonstrate continued resistance. And a large part of the explanation is, simply, serious TV. It's serious, and it's dreadful.

Some sort of horrendous disease, ignored by medical textbooks, seems to infect otherwise level-headed, even talented people when a major network commissions them to create a serious work for prime-time airing. The symptoms of the disease include a languid sense of pace, utter humorlessness, and a pronounced loss of respect for the intelligence of one's fellow Americans. Writers, directors, producers, actors—all succumb.

An acquaintance of a friend has speculated that Tolstoy would not have touched the subject matter of *Holocaust* with a 10-foot pole. Perhaps not. Perhaps this is material so appalling and so colossal as to confound the skills of the most brilliant writer. It has, at any rate, confounded those of Gerald Green and Co. *Holocaust* is a minefield of banalities. Whole scenes roll by without even a fleeting moment of originality. We relive a thousand soap operas on a thousand other subjects.

Maybe *Holocaust* was misbegotten from the start. Maybe its subject is the sort that can only be attacked indirectly, or piecemeal. It seems to me, however, that the show's creators aggravated the inherent difficulties of their assignment by resolving to tell not just *one* story of Jews under Nazism, but *the* story. From that decision, it follows that no character can be just a character. Each must stand for a whole category of people, or for a way of thinking. Berta Weiss, the mother, is the symbol of patriotic complacency among German Jews—of their refusal to take Hitler and his crew at face value. Her son Rudi is the coming generation, whose determination will found a state a few years hence. Major Erik Dorf is the rank-and-file Nazi whose early doubts evaporate in a cloud of personal and national glory. And I could go on.

Being a cipher is hard work. It is not easy to do simultaneous duty as a mere human being. Perhaps that's why these characters don't speak to each other. They speak to history. "Darling," says Maj. Dorf, "some day people will tell monstrous lies about what we do in Poland." "I won't listen to them," she replies resolutely. "Ah, but they will force you to," he says.

When the imprisoned artist, Karl Weiss, learns his wife is pregnant, he laments that it is "A child I will never know." "You will, I promise," says she. And he instructs her, gravely: "Show him the drawings when he is old enough to understand."

When the Nazis beat a hasty retreat under fire from the Warsaw Ghetto, the pharmacist-turned-underground-leader Moses Weiss cries, "Look at them run! . . . For the first time in my life I feel the blood of King David in me!"

It's all like that. The Weisses and the Dorfs and their circle of associates are people who know they are being watched—by posterity, I mean—and who behave accordingly.

Now this is as good a place as any to own that I found moments and images in *Holocaust* affecting. The physical production, the sets, the camerawork, the editing, the music—all were outstanding. Here and there a good actor was permitted to do some good acting. The basic power of the story—of one people's near annihilation and another's moral disarray—occasionally shone through all the layers of hokum. I am perfectly willing to accept the proposition that many Americans may have learned valuable lessons from the experience of watching *Holocaust*.

But for a TV viewer, the inescapable

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lesson is that the networks cannot be trusted to invest as much skill in a serious subject as they do in the typical 30-minute sitcom. It is as if they feel obliged, with a single blow, to make up for years of froth and fluff, and then, understandably, they choke under the pressure.

Books Considered

London Transformed: Images of the City in the Eighteenth Century by Max Byrd

(Yale University Press; $12.50)

"Cities are after all the largest of man-made things." It is in fact hard for me to imagine that cities are "man-made." The houses and buildings are, but the city as an entity did, in those 18th-century days, appear to make itself. One might just as well empty a bottle of ink on a sheet of paper and claim that the resulting blot is man-made.

The lyrical idealism of writers about 18th-century London was merely a way of blinding themselves, or of defending themselves, against the obvious moral squalor that they did not have the intellectual or liberal equipment to attack. They loved London because they had enough energy, or talent, or money (or all three) to get out of it whatever pandered to the self-important in their natures; or that ministered to their sexual predilections, or that fueled the powerhouse of their writing.

What writer today wouldn't feel the same about such a place! The sight of London from Highgate matched their romantic compatibility. It was a dream, and they had only to walk downhill to make it come true. It was Babylon and Baghdad rolled into half-a-dozen, and the inhabitants conveniently spoke their own language—more or less. Such a vast conglomeration of buildings had never been seen before, though I suspect that in the spring of 1763 when Boswell rapturized about London from Highgate Hill (at the age of 22) there was more haze over the place than he admitted.

Max Byrd is interesting when he explores several "recurrent images of London at key points in the eighteenth century, images that appear in every century for every city, but that are charged with unusual interest here. What I see taking place as London grows larger and larger, more and more unmanageable, is paradoxically an increasing effort to humanise the city, to bring it to terms with the human scale of imagination, to force what is beyond comprehension back into traditional forms of comprehension. Cities are after all the largest of man-made things."

Here we come to the crux of it. Images of a London that was God-created were indeed man-made—by Sterne, Defoe,

Detail from Hogarth's "Night"

Blake, Pope, Johnson, Wordsworth. The first two likened it to a man racked by disease, phlebotic and plague-ridden. The important point was that these writers either lived in it or came into contact with it at some crucial point of their lives, though one is bound to wonder what point of a writer's life is not crucial? Such a vast city had not been foisted on mankind before, so it was British writers and poets who had the love-hate task of coming to terms with it. On the whole they did well. They dramatized it as an entity. They made an *image* out of it, whereas it was left to the Victorian novelists to populate it with people who lived and died in it rather than those who merely whored and hanged, pimped, thieved and banged around.

London, we are told, grew from 200,000 inhabitants in 1600 to 674,000 in 1700: "The grand emporium sparkling so impressively downstream from Hampton Court becomes on closer view a darkened wilderness where citizens move warily past each other, distrustful of appearances, fearful of violence, stupified with vice. The city trades chiefly in luxury and excess." This lopsided lamentation is Defoe's. A hundred years later the stupefaction with vice was somewhat less, because London had become a great entrepot of trade, sending its shoddy goods out to the Empire, and reaping in the riches of the world. But poverty was always massively apparent, much as it is in Calcutta today. We have only to read the novelists to see that (and Mayhew). Also guidebooks provide unexpected windows into the mire. Baedeker's "London 1866" says that there were 7000 police in London, but 14,000 pickpockets.

The English are, and have ever been, a particularly ungovernable lot. Reality teaches them nothing. They had to be broken during the 18th century into accepting the industrial discipline of the 19th. They had to be taught to keep their filthy thieving fingers to themselves. There were mass hangings at Tyburn to put them down (and in other places as well) as is related in E.P. Thomson's *Albion's Fatal Tree.* They had their lion-spirits broken to become the lambs of the Industrial Revolution, though it was never so clean and neat as this. The characteristic noises of the early 19th century in Nottingham were shattering glass, the swish of musket balls, and the roar of the surging mob—as Emrys Bryson relates in his portrait of that city.

The inventive and ingenious English were the first to be faced with the vastest city of the world. They were the first into the industrial age also. Judging by the way things are going today, they are going to be the first out of it, though instead of entering some new and spectacular age they will probably disappear rather than thrive as far as any originality is concerned.

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Comment is made in *London Transformed* of the lack of social cohesion, and it is true that few writers thought fit (or deemed it necessary) to describe this. Yet in the midst of this megalopolis of poverty and vice there must have been a bedrock-community of some sort. Anarchy and death flourished, but businesses and shops were kept going throughout. "We never closed" could have been the message of those long decades also—a sort of extended social blitz. There must have been a still-center somewhere, even if it consisted only (at times) in letting out rooms along the route from Newgate to Tyburn, and selling hot pies and more noxious types of refreshment around the funfair gibbet itself.

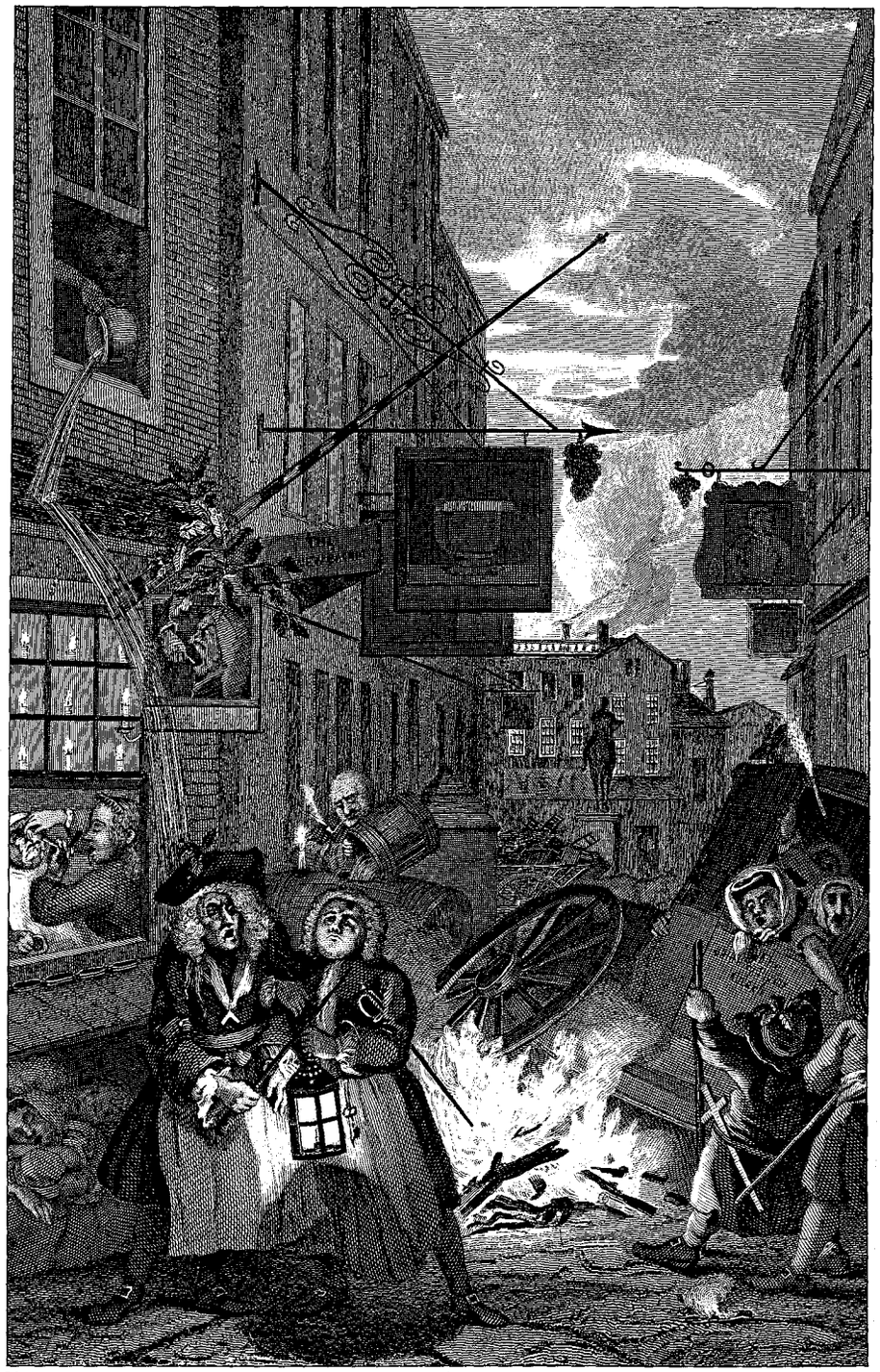
The writers were overwhelmed and made drunk by it. Descending into the maelstrom they found it a bigger place than they had ever been to. They had no way of encapsulating it into their reality, therefore they turned to allegory and imagery in which details of social cohesion had little chance of being either perceived or described.

In close-packed and sprawling London people could be *anonymous*—a glorious necessity for any writer. They could also, therefore, feel *free*. They were awarded the anonymity to indulge in their known vices (as well as those they didn't know they had until then). It gave them the freedom to starve or hang. It was Everyman's jungle, and you stamped through and around and in it according to the terms of your own personality, to the tune of your own income, and because it was new and indescribable. If you were a writer or poet no one could gainsay what you said about it.

Pope idealizes London, sees it as a unifying factor, a launching-pad factory of all great enterprises for the biggest empire about to spread over the world. Some idealized it much as Maxim Gorky rapturized over the construction by slave labor of the White Sea Canal in Russia during the 1920s.

London was congenial to Boswell who, on one occasion, played the part of an officer on halfpay in order to justify haggling with a girl to get "it" for sixpence. A few streets away highborn ladies cost as much as 50 guineas a night—more than a year's wages for an agricultural laborer. A similar price today would be about £2000.

William Wordsworth, after his flirtation with the French Revolution, composed, as Byrd says "the most beautiful and best known portrait of London in our language":



"The Four Times of the Day: Night" (1738) by William Hogarth — The Granger Collection

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty . . . .

That was in the summer of 1802. He began the Turnerization (and Blake had a chapped hand in it, too) of London, which developed apace, and formed a sub-backdrop through the rest of the century. Only Conrad, much later, gave it real meaning in that sense, as Byrd so pertinently reminds us, at the start of *The Heart of Darkness*, the end of which tale showed the rotten side of the sort of empire that began in London. London was seen as a vision at its greatest depth and extent—when it was growing, when it was active, domineering, and had every aspect of vice and poverty written large within it. But the city of dreadful night really took on meaning when the novelists went in to tell us all about it.

The more romantic the poets became, the less they were able to face the detail of misery that the city in general presented. Poetry must die when faced with such. It wouldn't (and perhaps couldn't) demean itself by dealing with the reality of filth. Rightly, it decided to take wings and fly over it, rather than walk and get splashed with indescribable mire. They preferred the Lake District, or Italy, or the Alps, and who could

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blame them? Poets fled from the city and, for a while at least, the novelists took over.

This tale of *London Transformed*, with its images of the city in the 18th century, is a deep and apposite reminder of the turmoil great cities go through. London, at the moment, is reorienting itself, pulling out its scabs, and trying to find new ways of coming back to life.

Alan Sillitoe

Alan Sillitoe is author of *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*. His latest book is *The Widower's Son* (Harper & Row).

For Jerusalem
by Teddy Kollek and Amos Kollek

(Random House; $10)

My first glimpse of Teddy Kollek, in 1949, was when he came to meet me, standing genial and sturdy in a boat on the Sea of Galilee. He made sure that I got a taste of the old settlements, and a chance also to watch the formation of new ones.

At the time—a year after the proclamation of Israel as a state—he was chief factotum at the Ein Gev Kibbutz, but he was already slipping into the role that was to become characteristically his own, that of Agent and Envoy Extraordinary, and Cultural Minister Plenipotentiary, to whatever Europeans or Americans might be curious about Israel, or could do it a good turn politically, or had some money for any of its necessities and causes.

I talked with him on a half-dozen later visits to Israel—when he headed the prime minister's office under David Ben-Gurion, when he organized Israel's 10th anniversary festival, when he was trouble-shooter at symposia of visiting American writers, when he helped an inquiring journalist unofficially after the 1967 war, and finally when he became mayor of a reunited Jerusalem.

Kollek's conception of how to write an autobiography is Tennysonian: "I am a part of all that I have met." He writes of the "cities and men" he has known and been part of. The cities important to him have been Vienna, London, New York, Jerusalem—and especially Jerusalem. But even more, the men he has encountered and worked with come to life in these pages.

He is almost wholly concerned with people. While he discusses "issues and principles" in an admirably cool and rational manner, they are not his meat. People are. The way he describes his entanglements with them sheds light on the kind of man he was and is—shrewd, forceful, resourceful, with a no-nonsense brusqueness which does little to conceal one of the ingratiating personalities of our time.

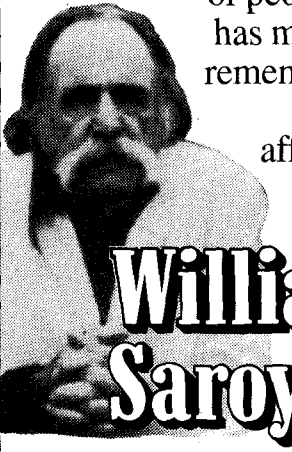
Reading his life is a processional: Zionist leaders like Chaim Arlossoroff, for whom he ran errands at the Zionist Congress of 1931 at Zurich; Turks and Arabs who were his neighbors at Ein Gev; Adolf Eichmann, with whom he negotiated for the release of Austrian Jews to emigrate to England; Lewis Namier and Orde Wingate in London; Yael Brand, zealous to close a deal with the Gestapo to exchange perhaps a million Hungarian Jews for non-combat goods ("What will I do with a million Jews?" asked Lord Halifax); Arthur Koestler in his Zionist phase; Ho Chi Minh in his Paris days; Hank Greenspan and Al Schwimmer, the two American stalwarts involved in gun-running and plane-bootlegging for the Haganah; Mickey Marcus, the New Yorker who helped organize Israel's army and got killed by a trigger-happy Israeli sentry; James Jesus Angleton, of CIA counter-intelligence fame, whom Kollek describes in a vignette full of empathy; Axel Springer, conservative German publisher and steadfast Israeli supporter; Danny Kaye, Pablo Casals and Simone de Beauvoir, each bringing characteristic talents to Jerusalem for Kollek to orchestrate; Ed Murrow in his terminal illness, saying that the one job he dreamt of was to be Ambassador to Israel; Henry Kissinger, on a balcony of the King David Hotel, assuring Kollek that the Jerusalem problem would be last on his shuttle agenda; Marc Chagall, furious at the space allowed his paintings and windows, but leaving new drawings in the Chagall books in Kollek's library.

It is like one of those panoramic photos taken at a wedding reception, in which you single out the faces you know. More than Hemingway's Paris, Kollek's life has been a moveable feast. The first phase was the derring-do nearthing adventures of smuggling money, refugees, arms across borders, and of kibbutz-building. The second was the managerial and impresario phase as Ben-Gurion's jack-of-all chores. And now the most recent is as steward of the faithful city.

What ties this extraordinary life together is Kollek's basic character as a can-do man, a day-to-day practitioner of political and psychological arts, who knows the devotions and vanities that people are moved by and is as cool under the rapid fire of events as a good soldier on the battlefield.

Most of his life that's what Teddy was—a good resourceful soldier. As such he played many roles—messenger, people-smuggler, lobbyist, negotiator, influencer, "schnorrer," PR man, ad-

With wisdom and wit, a master storyteller shares his memories of people he has met and remembered with affection



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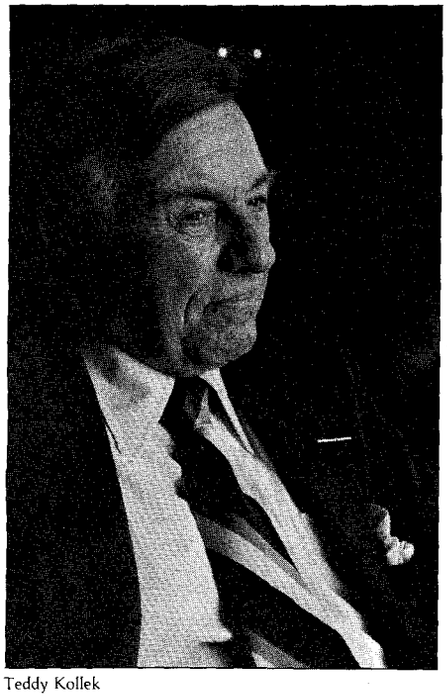

Teddy Kollek

Photographs by Jeff Vinson

ministrator. I am impatient with the usual condescension on this score. There was a pathos of need in the building of Israel that went along with the heroism of purpose. Since the state was built and sustained by the blood and guts of Israel's settlers, and by money and arms from America, which could be snuffed out at any moment, Teddy's qualities were what Israel needed. Today they are still needed: Sadat has taught Israel and the world the importance of taking the right approach to American opinion.

Israel needed two things—people and money. With the money it could get tools and arms. It needed the people to wield both, and then to produce and fight. Teddy Kollek was one of the little band of men who could help at getting the money and the men, and also at reaching the people who in turn shaped world opinion.

Israel, from its start, was a state declared, defended and sustained by improvisation, even more than planning and policies. If Kollek gives us little of the policies he gives us plenty of the improvisations. (His colleagues called him "the Cork".) Yet there are also portraits of the policy-makers here. The surprising feature of the book is that along with the sympathetic and affectionate ones there are also portraits in caustic. The devastating ones are of Eshkol, Pinhas Sapir, and Golda Meir, who—after Ben-Gurion—formed the Big Three of Israel's ruling party; and of Abba Eban. Eshkol is drawn as indecisive, governed at times by the petticoats of his young wife; Sapir is the dark image of corrupt opportunism—a creeping internal rot in Israel which Kollek calls "Sapirism." Abba Eban comes off as a vindictive political partisan; Golda is drawn as rigid and intolerant in her doctrinaire views, and vengeful toward whomever she feuded with, which included Kollek along with Golda's massive opponent, Ben-Gurion. One gets the feeling that Kollek could have forgiven the hurts she inflicted on himself, but not those she inflicted on his hero.

If there is a hero in the book it is Ben-Gurion. We get a series of glimpses of him—in 1941 in London, arguing with the British to establish a Jewish fighting unit, and learning Latin and Greek from Doris May, Chaim Weizmann's secretary; meeting with Ho Chi Minh in Paris in 1946; proclaiming Israel as a state at the Dizengoff Museum in Tel Aviv; agreeing to a meeting with Nasser in 1955, through the shuttle diplomacy of Robert Anderson, one of Eisenhower's aides and friends, only to have Nasser chicken out because of his fear of assassination; reading the "Sacred Books of the East"; arguing with Martin Buber over the nature of a classic; agreeing in a conversation with Einstein (although himself an atheist) that there is a higher force directing the universe; mired in the Lavon affair, which broke him politically and psychologically, making him in his last years only the shadow of the man he had been.

Although Kollek admits he paints him "larger than life size," he doesn't omit some of the warts. He notes that Ben-Gurion was almost wholly without humor and also without any esthetic sense, except for nature. He was short-tempered with associates, like Moses Sharett, whom he felt to be indecisive both as Foreign Minister and Prime Minister. "He was the most impersonal man I have ever known," Kollek writes, "burning, but far away." He was a product of the best elements of the Enlightenment and Socialism in Europe, but also with their attendant weakness of an excessive rationalism. His one concession to a mystique was in the case of his feeling about Israel's soil and Jewish nationalism and about great political leadership. He thought little of John Kennedy and (in some of my own conversations with him) about Nehru. His leadership model was DeGaulle, and he was saddened when DeGaulle turned against Israel. His greatness lay in his decisiveness of action in moving toward a strong Israeli statehood when everyone in Europe and America was counseling him to go slow. He knew the urgency of history, and he knew that the particular variables that existed at the time would never come together again. Although he was himself an Old Testament figure the thinkers he cared about most were Plato and Buddha. One of his regrets was that the Greek philosophers of the 5th and 6th centuries B.C. and the Jewish prophets who were their contemporaries never met. If they had, the world today would be a different one. It is Matthew Arnold's twin image all over again, about Hebraism and Hellenism—the moral and the philosophic esthetic.

After Ben-Gurion it is Kollek's dark sense that the age of heroism is past. He feels that cynicism has set in, and a kind of dry rot which has eaten away the fiber that held everything together in the wonderful mad days when Israel seemed like a crazy ship with a genius in command. His conviction that the lesser men have taken over extends to Menachem Begin as well, whose mind he dislikes and whose policies—as a good Social Democrat—he opposes.

One finds in the book no solvent for Israel's problems, unless it lies in the art of honest pragmatic local administration, bridge-building to meet the Arab residents in Israel halfway, a more effective approach to American sensibilities, and the restoration of a sense of moral purpose. It is all very sound and sensible, but it is also anticlimactic after the rousing descriptions of the Age of Heroes.

As for myself, it happens that I don't believe in Edens and Golden Ages in the past nor in the unrelieved darkness of the future. Israel shares the turmoil and vulnerabilities of other nations in our

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time. Its people confront intractable enemies and lukewarm allies, but they have been tempered in crises and suffering. There is a leadership waiting—Moshe Dayan, Ezer Weizman, Yigael Yadin—men who were young soldiers in the days of the giants but are still in the prime of their energies as well as the ripeness of their experience. Israel's future is one not of new darkness but continued dangers—but since when has that been new in Jewish experience?

Max Lerner

Max Lerner is a nationally syndicated columnist.

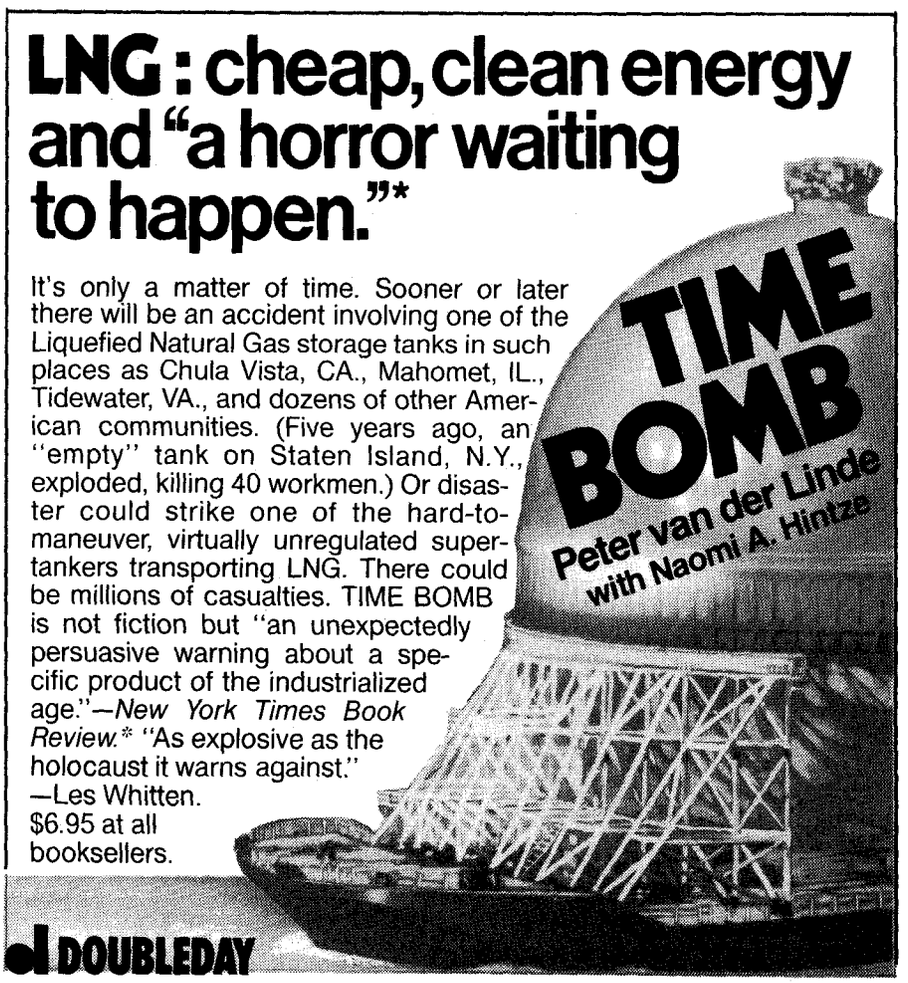
Leonid Brezhnev: Pages From His Life written under the auspices of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR

(Simon & Schuster; $11.95)

He is looking at us from the dust jacket of the book, a broad shouldered, bushy-browed man in his late middle age, Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev, General Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, Chairman of the Defense Council, Marshal of the Soviet Union. The photographer must have snapped him during a conversation with a foreign visitor, perhaps a Western politician or businessman, for his expression seems to bespeak sincerity and an earnest effort to convince his interlocutor that the point he has just raised, perhaps some insinuation about Soviet policies or aims, is quite unreasonable: "But I can definitely assure you that we would never . . . The Soviet Union has always . . . ," he appears to be saying.

Earnestness is indeed an outstanding characteristic of Brezhnev's public personality, and were Soviet rulers designated by their special qualities, like the monarchs of yore, we might say that following the reigns of Joseph the Unbelievable and Nikita the Ebullient, the USSR is now in the fourteenth year of rule by Leonid the Earnest. And as befits its subject and its collective author, this is a very earnest book. Not much light stuff here. The authors must have known that Western readers appreciate what are known as human interest stories, but they obviously decided that it would be improper and condescending to present their hero to the outside world differently than he looks to his own countrymen. Besides, as the book makes abundantly clear, there is nothing in Brezhnev's life story which would be of interest to gossip mongers or psychohistorians. It is a straightforward tale of virtue and hard work being properly rewarded by success and the honors bestowed on Brezhnev by the grateful Soviet people.

In his foreword Mr. Brezhnev states his hope that "the book will help the American reader to get a better knowledge of the life of the Soviet people." Here one must express some doubts. Perhaps deferring to their subject's modesty, the authors have refrained from describing those special skills and qualities which must have enabled him to get where he is. Surely it cannot be simply, as he self-effacingly writes, that "it was only Soviet power that enabled me . . . who began life as an ordinary worker, to rise to the leadership of a glorious many millions strong party. . . ." Here we have a young graduate of an engineering school rising rapidly in the party hierarchy in the Ukraine in the late 1930s. How come? And why in 1950 should the Moldavian Communist Party select a Russian working in the Ukraine as its first secretary? Well, the authors don't believe in dwelling on unhappy episodes of the past, and carry this restraint to the point of never mentioning the name of J.V. Stalin, or of alluding to the purges of the 1930s and 1940s. The reader is thus denied the full appreciation of how clever, as well as lucky, Brezhnev must have been: at a time when people in the party hierarchy were being liquidated right and left, he not only survived, but prospered. A discreet veil is also cast over those instances when his career suffered setbacks and when he obviously must have experienced anguish at his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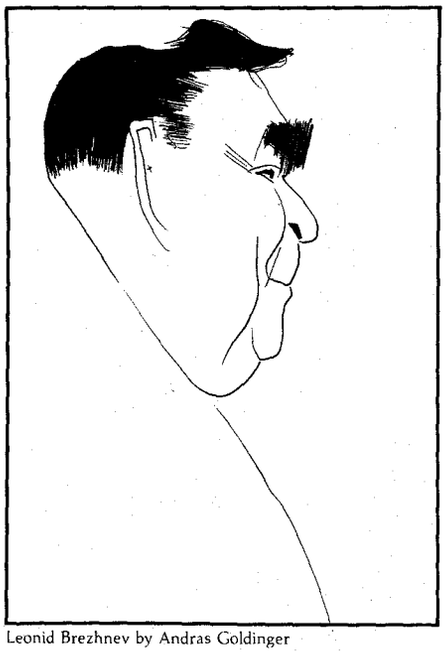
services not being appreciated. Thus following Stalin's death, he was unceremoniously ejected from the Presidium and the Secretariat of the Central



Leonid Brezhnev by Andras Goldinger

Committee, and only one year later began his comeback as the *second* secretary in distant Kazakhstan. And we ought to have been given a glimpse of the undoubtedly ingenious ways through which Brezhnev succeeded in staging the coup which unseated his second major benefactor, Khrushchev, in 1964, and then within a few years managed to remove from positions of power his main rivals, Podgorny and Shelepin, finally upstaging his original partner in the top leadership, Kosygin. But, no, evidently neither Brezhnev nor the writers believe that such petty details can be of interest to the American readers. Besides, why should the latter know something that the vast majority of Soviet citizens don't?

And so instead of spicy details, we get the really important facts. What is the background, *e.g.*, of Brezhnev's special interest in Czechoslovakia? Well, already in 1945, as the political commissar of the Soviet army which entered that country, Brezhnev was asked by some local inhabitants what was in store for them after the expulsion of the German invaders. His answer as given in the book was, "You yourselves will establish your own government. This government apparently will be a popular one. Czechoslovakia will be a free republic." Perhaps the second sentence is a bit ambiguous, but the statement as a whole enables us to understand better what happened to Czechoslovakia in 1968. It is also important to be reminded how many American businessmen and notables saw in Brezhnev's recent elevation to the presidency of the USSR a further hopeful sign for the future of American-Soviet relations, and that as one of them put it, "The Soviet people were quite right in entrusting the high office of Head of State to a man like Brezhnev." But it is unfair to suggest that only the business moguls have this special affinity to Brezhnev. We are also reminded that when he was here: "Seventy million Americans had switched on their television sets, specifically to listen to the Soviet leader. Americans liked Brezhnev's forceful speech, and many cheered him."

And so the book tells us many things we did not know before, as well as giving us some very interesting insights into the Soviets' enduring effort to be understood by the West. Given the facts, they obviously believe the Americans will readily discard the old wives' tales about the USSR still lurking in their minds, and see the Soviet system for what it really is.

Still, and this time seriously, it is too bad that we are not allowed to learn more about the man who, with one exception, has been the most successful politician in Soviet history, and who through patience and persistence, managed to accomplish in foreign affairs all that Khrushchev tried to and failed with his pyrotechnics. He deserves a better biographer.

Adam B. Ulam

Adam B. Ulam is author of *In the Name of the People: Prophets and Conspirators in Pre-Revolutionary Russia* (Viking).

Janus: A Summing Up
by Arthur Koestler

(Random House, $10)

Arthur Koestler is one of the best second-rate minds of his generation; and in a fallen world, where most of us on our best days are lucky to be third-rate, that is not entirely faint praise. Nevertheless, it raises special problems for Koestler's reader and for Koestler. If you are *that* good, why not try to be *really* good—good all the way, crossing the threshold that separates a powerful assimilative mind from one that is genuinely creative?

The temptation to try is something to which Koestler has been succumbing, heroically on occasion but often with the inevitable pratfalls, for many years now, in a career that spans six novels, five volumes of autobiography, and—counting *Janus*—20 collections of scientific-metaphysical-political-mystical theory (the hyphens are put there because that's the way he thinks). Especially in the last 25 years, since he turned from political writing to what he calls the "sciences of life—i.e. the evolution, creativity and pathology of the human mind," he has been constructing a vision intended to explain man, his origins and possibilities, and the structure of the universe he inhabits: everything, in other words, and a few extras besides. *Janus* is the "summing up" of this endeavor; like the two-faced Roman god, the book looks back over a quarter century of intellectual struggle and forward to the "Outline of a System" (the title of the first chapter) that will draw these struggles together in the shape of a "Holarchy"—his phrase for an interdependent, dynamically structured cosmic system. But Janus—himself a second-rate but important god—was also the patron deity of thresholds, of the doors of perception Koestler hopes to pry open: and maybe of that threshold between brilliance and genius that is a threshold only if you *do* cross it—otherwise it is a limit.

Each of the four chapters of *Janus* reexamines one of the major areas of Koestler's thought, which are largely the major areas of Western thought since the Enlightenment. And each chapter, more characteristically a summing up than he probably intended, contains the familiar Koestler mix of real and bogus profundity, of alternating skyrockets and sparklers. "The Outline of a System" introduces us—again—to the holarchy, that image of the universe as a system of *holons*, entities which may be electrons, men,

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civilizations, or galaxies, each of which is a "whole" considered in itself and a "part" considered in relation to the larger system in which it functions. This idea, which Koestler means as a refutation of simple-minded atomistic materialism, is a good deal less startling than he tries to make it: besides hearing the same news, less portentously, from physics in the last 30 years, we have also heard it from Bergson on the "Life Force," Whitehead on process-thought, and Chomsky (whom Koestler perversely calls a "psycholinguist") on the nature of language. But if not dazzlingly original, it nevertheless allows him to make some splendid, if metaphorical, observations about the implications of "holarchism" (?) in human affairs. Freud's *thanatos*-drive, the death-wish, for example, he demolishes wittily and economically: our problem is not that we want to become matter, but that we try too hard and too clumsily to become God. And he is at his very best when he proceeds from this analysis to argue that the real, deadly flaw in our behavior is not our chaotic egoism, but our over-willingness to *join*, to kill and die for "holarchies"—ideas—that are themselves phony, higher-level egoisms. The author of *Darkness at Noon* has not lost his touch for understanding the murderous seduction of "universal truths"; not, that is, till he returns to his own universal truth to prescribe, as a cure for this irrational tendency the benevolent, worldwide distribution of corrective medication, a society not of philosopher kings but of pharmacists, dispensing mind-altering drugs.

After this bathos, the next chapter, "The Creative Mind," reestablishes the balance. It is the best chapter in the book, reminding us that Koestler has always written more sensitively and illuminatingly about art than about atoms. The long section on "Humor and Wit" (a version of his *Encyclopaedia Britannica* article under the same title), indeed, is a kind of island of poignant brilliance in this fascinating but uneven book. The experiences of making or getting a joke, making a scientific discovery, or creating a great work of art are, he argues, varieties of the same experience, where the mind "bisociates"—sees itself operating in two or more systems, two or more "holarchies" at the same time, and out of that disorienting discovery makes a new orientation, a new and richer world, which may be a limerick, the General Theory of Relativity, or *Finnegans Wake*. I don't think that anyone since Bergson has written more splendidly or suggestively about laughter and consciousness than has Koestler. On this topic, his grandiose neurophysics really works; and it works because, like all good critical systems, it takes account of its own limits, as a metaphor for the way we experience life rather than an oracular description of life itself.

The next chapter, "Creative Evolution" (Bergsonian title!), tries to cross the threshold from ontogeny to phylogeny, from the structures of consciousness to the mechanics of evolution: and almost makes it. If Koestler's plan for the upward-tending, progressively self-enriching structures of the holarchy is *real*—if it describes the universe outside as well as the universe inside the head—then Darwin was wrong, Lamarck was right about the transmission of acquired characteristics (a kind of Dale Carnegie approach to genetics). As a matter of fact, Lamarck may have been at least partly right. Even the infamous Lysenko has been, if not absolved, at least translated to Purgatory by some recent biologists. But Koestler, as always a wonderful assimilator and a less than satisfactory originator, is at his best in this chapter not when he is arguing on his own for the Lamarckian position, but in the eloquent summary he gives of Darwin's agonized, reluctant concessions to that position: concessions piously excised by his followers from posthumous editions of *Origin of Species*.

The last chapter is self-descriptive: "New Horizons." If evolution is creative, if man, unless he blows himself to bits, is in the process of becoming a bigger and bigger part of a richer and richer whole, then the vistas approach infinity. ESP may become an everyday and controllable power, contact with extraterrestrial intelligences may introduce us into a galactic community, and the world state may govern us all with benevolent—if pharmacological—wisdom. Mind you, Koestler believes, as he insists in the "Prologue" and the conclusion to *Janus*, that we probably *will* blow ourselves up. He is careful to set the visionary gleam of this book against the grim backdrop of the encroaching darkness we are all but certain to bring on ourselves. But if, only if, we can bring ourselves around to a right way of thinking about our predicament, we may survive to join the wished-for society of demigods, we may become starchildren.

There is a story, probably apocryphal, about a classics professor whose book received this review: "Mr. X seems ignorant of the basic texts in his field, but displays a touching faith in secondary sources." Readers have already faulted Koestler, here and elsewhere in his work, for the cosmic scale of his measured optimism and for the touching, simple faith he evidently has in the most recent discoveries of geneticists, elementary particle physicists, and experimental psychologists. But that is to miss his real value, which is neither as scientist nor as prophet, but as a man of letters, and a man of letters of a special, distinctively British kind (and he is, after all, a British intellectual, whatever his national and political provenance). He is an *explainer*, whose central and noble impulse is to brace us against our despair and caution us in our optimism, to habituate us to living in a universe we understand even

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less than he, and to insist again and again that intelligence, after all, just might save us. These are old-fashioned and therefore unfashionable things to do at a time when the Void, for most of us, has become nearly as familiar a locale as our neighborhood shopping center (sometimes, indeed, they are the same). But it is admirable, as it is admirable in the tradition of British middle-class prophets, *chargés d'affaires* from the cosmos to the suburbs, which begins perhaps with Samuel Johnson and reaches its great climax in the work of the writer Koestler resembles most, H.G. Wells. It can also be called the tradition of the polymath *manqué*.

Frank McConnell

Frank McConnell is a Fellow of the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars at the Smithsonian Institution.

An Imaginary Life by David Malouf

(Braziller; $7.95)

If Lucretius was Rome's philosophical poet, and Virgil her chronicler of former glories, then Ovid was Rome's poet of decadence, the bad boy, extoller of carnal love, the avant-garde revolutionary of the last days of Glorious Rome. Not much is known for sure about his life beyond some bare facts: he was born in 43 B.C. to a provincial noble family; his father had hopes of his attaining a position as a politician or lawyer, but he quickly made his way to Rome, where he dazzled the jet set of his time with his erotic and sophisticated verses. He lived the life of a dilettante, apparently, and was greatly favored by the wealthy and leisured class of Rome.

He was disliked by Augustus for reasons that are a little vague, though some historians surmise that it was because while the aging Augustus, having had his several flings, was entreating the populace to return to the old Roman virtues of self-discipline and intellectual vigor, Ovid was practically giving lessons in adultery in his *Amores* and *Ars Amatoria*. (Also, he may or may not have been involved in an intrigue with the Emperor's granddaughter, Julia.) In any case, just as he finished his best-known work, *The Metamorphoses*, in 8 B.C., he was banished to a far-off town under Roman rule.

In this book, David Malouf, following in the footsteps of Doctorow and Vidal and Meyer, has taken an historical figure and invented the missing part of his story.

Malouf's exiled Ovid is a 50-year-old man, marooned in a desolate land where he can't even speak the local language, where he doesn't recognize the vegetation or the food. He spends a bleak few years establishing a place for himself among the rough peasants, and then he sees in the forest a wild child, a boy raised, presumably, by wolves, and convinces the superstitious villagers to

Ovid — The Bettmann Archive

bring the boy home with them for him, Ovid, to train, to make human.

Ovid works with the boy for a year, trying to teach him humanity, and then in the dead of winter, when a family lives in a dark small room above the stable, the child falls sick and in his fever frightens the people into thinking that the beast that possesses him is planning to take them, too. When the grandson of the family falls into the same fever, Ovid realizes that his life and that of the child are in danger, and when their last guardian dies, he flees with the child across a river to a still farther away and still less tamed land.

The story is a vehicle for expounding one of Ovid's favorite themes, transformation. Beginning with the poet's early journal of banishment, Malouf shows us the mind of a great wordsmith struck dumb in his surroundings trying to adjust to a new life. When he spots the child for the first time the poet recognizes something of himself in him, speechless, outcast, unacceptable; and in transforming the child to human, Ovid will effect his own transformation. Moreover, the poet is interested in his posthumous readers; he questions us rhetorically, asking if we have become gods by the time we read this, if we have harnessed the sun, taken the steps to transformation, stilled the elements.

There are two possible ways to read this book. One is from a position of total ignorance about Ovid, to read it as a daring and experimental novel, a novel that plays with the language and dazzles us with startling syntactical shifts and concatenations of adjectives that enrich our literate experience. And the other is from the position of a classical student, to come to it having read Ovid and knowing something of what he stood for and what the time was like.

If it's read as simply a lyrical dream novel, it has certain rewards; Malouf, an Australian poet, has a gift for phrases and an eye for the evocation of murky and mystical places. The book is oddly whimsical, taken naively, and fey and fabulistic in its subjective tone and philosophical overtones.

But read from the point of view of a classicist, it opens up a further dimension of allusion and intellectual appreciation. Malouf interplays the historical present, clumsy in English, with a narrative present and an anecdotal past tense, interweaving them so gracefully that the techniques aren't obvious, only the aftertaste of grandeur in certain passages, of a facile rhythm in others. The knowledge of Ovid's preoccupations from his writings lets us see the change occurring before he, as narrator, does; and knowing that Ovid was an iconoclast if anything, one appreciates his growing sense of omnipotence, his realization that he can become like a god and further, that it doesn't really matter.

There is, of course, a price to pay in each case. For not having to scuff through dusty collections of Ovid's writings, the unlettered reader has to settle for a one-dimensional account of a weird experience. And for being conversant with Latin history, one has to wince slightly at the portrait Malouf draws of Ovid, the bawdy agnostic.

For instance he wrote a lot about and

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for women; his love poems glorified them and his "metamorphoses" happened more to women than to men. But there are no women in this book, no significant women. Further, Ovid was politically inclined; it may have been only a naughty sort of pseudo-anarchism that he espoused, but it was effective enough to get him banished. And there's no sign of that in this Ovid. Certainly not least, one of the most beloved aspects of his work was a line of wry and urbane humor that ran through all his poetry. Granted that a middle-aged decadent Roman plunked down among barbarians might find it difficult to laugh, a devotee of Ovid would look for at least a nod to the absurdity of the position in which Ovid found himself.

Malouf says, in his own afterword, "My purpose was to make this glib fabulist of "the changes" live out in reality what had been, in his previous existence, merely the occasion for dazzling literary display." If the reader might wish that Malouf had let Ovid take a little more of his acclaimed *chutzpah* into the wilderness, I guess that's her own problem. Malouf at least accomplishes his purpose.

Kate Eldred

Kate Eldred is a book reviewer and fiction writer who lives in Falmouth, Massachusetts.

A Family Album by David Galloway

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $8.95)

Those photographs that used to get four-cornered into black-paged albums, photos that now are slipped into plastic slots and cubes, reusable envelopes for the past, are the subject of David Galloway's impressive first novel *A Family Album*. The story of generations always seems exhausted—by Biblical begats, by Faulkner, by the latest roots finder—until someone like Galloway comes along with a new way to get from father to son, son to father.

Galloway's book is formed as a meditation on six photographs which appear on the front and back of the dust jacket. The first, taken in 1912, is of an eleven-year-old boy, James Dyer, and his dog. James Dyer is in two other pictures: one with his wife Kay on their honeymoon, one with his young son David. Kay appears in the other photos as young girl, adolescent, and as middle-aged woman in 1969. James and Kay Dyer are the parents of the narrator David, who "reads" these snapshots for revelation of his family, himself, and the America that is their background.

The metaphor of the family album—the book is even bound to look like one—may at first seem a gimmicky way to tell a conventional family chronicle. But Galloway scrupulously avoids the unitary and linear narrative that might have been drawn out of or imposed upon the snapshots. Although the pictures are of the narrator's family, he must speculate about the meanings of pose, manner, and framing. Like a collage whose materials don't always overlap or an album where the black of the pages is allowed to surround the snapshots, the novel has gaps, open spaces the narrator can't quite fill with what was and what might have been. With the narrator, we supply guesses, wishes, resentments and regrets for those blanks and are thus bound to the few secrets and many mysteries of a past, like our own, that we can hold in our hands but not in our minds.

Galloway wants no easy responses. He continually distances the reader and deprives him of album ejaculations—"cute," "striking," "pretty," "tragic," and the rest. Beginning each chapter with a two-page discussion of the camera used to take that chapter's picture, Galloway reminds the reader of the arbitrary conventionality of photography. Each chapter also includes a commentary on the photographer, which establishes a context of family, friends, and chance acquaintances, as well as American life in the 20th century, for the Dyer family. As David speculates about the reasons for taking pictures and being taken, the reader is forced into awareness of the complex relation between seer and seen, clicker and clicked.

The Dyers, as they should be, are ordinary people, typical of those Americans of this century who rose from lower-class poverty to middle-class insecurity by preserving an unhappy marriage because its conditions were, at least, better than their parents'. They live in Memphis with memories of rural hardship. They have cars, diseases, quirks, and children. They were born too early to become "fulfilled, creative persons." Their son David has escaped Memphis, America, and some of the economic and sexual values that held his parents in thrall, but he has not escaped this album. The more we come to know of David Dyer's life, the better we can account for his close analyses of the photos. While he reads the pictures, they read him for us. Galloway includes yet another frame to consider with his picture on the inside of the dust jacket. He, too, is David, has the high forehead of his narrator, and lives abroad.

At novel's end the reader can return to what first seems an eccentric preface—a "letter" to his son from Nicéphore Niépce, who claimed to have invented photography. As the letter shows, the "father" of photography can no more pass on his secret to his son than his invention can pass on sure secrets to the sons and grandsons and great-grandsons who leaf through family

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albums looking for postures, gestures, faces, and hands that will authenticate themselves.

The fictionality of photos, the fictionality of history, the fictionality of fiction—these are all considerations in the novel, but I don't wish to make *A Family Album* seem a mandarin performance. The narrator's voice is analytical, controlled, lucidly detached from both cheap nostalgia and cheap shots at the negative images he considers. This voice conducts us through the album in an almost offhand manner, does not insist on its subtle readings, does not ask for belief. The result is a prose that is moving without a trace of sentiment. Galloway achieves this tonal control by breaking up stories before they can exert conventional emotional force. Several years ago Larry Woiwode used the family album metaphor (but without pictures) in his very fine novel *Beyond the Bedroom Wall*. But where that book knitted together to become story, *A Family Album* preserves an essential discontinuity that gives it an intellectual and emotional complexity few writers manage from family materials.

Susan Sontag says in *On Photography* that the main effect of photos is "to convert the world into a department store or museum-without-walls in which every subject is depreciated into an article of consumption." David Galloway is aware of Sontag's demystifications and deprecations, yet creates out of these phantom images a beauty that combines awareness and innocence. He shows in *A Family Album* that photographs, well-read, neither consume nor are consumed. It is a novel that instructs our eyes and our feelings.

Thomas LeClair

Thomas LeClair is a member of the English department at University of Cincinnati, where he teaches contemporary fiction.

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Correspondence, *from page 5*

and tired of lying on behalf of her by then estranged husband, Weinstein cites in *TNR* a December 7, 1974, letter forwarded to him by Alden Whitman, formerly of *The New York Times*. But the writer of the letter, Priscilla Hiss's sister-in-law, says of Weinstein's use of the letter: "My letter is quoted out of context to make it sound as if I were claiming that Priscilla Hiss admitted Alger Hiss's guilt in private although insisting on his innocence in public. This simply is not the case as far as I know."

3) To document my point that Weinstein frequently corroborates Chambers with Chambers, I cited his citation of David Dallin's book, *Soviet Espionage*, to "corroborate" Chambers on the role of J. Peter in the Communist underground when, as I pointed out, the passage in Dallin is unfootnoted but his chief source seems to be Chambers, "Nonsense," Weinstein writes in *TNR*, referring me to "Dallin's papers" which he says "are in the New York Public Library, where I consulted them." In fact he does not list the Dallin papers among those he consulted in *Perjury* and when one journeys to the New York Public Library one discovers that the "papers" (which consist of one thin folder of documentation for source notes) stop at page 402 of the Dallin book, and four out of the five citations to Peter in Dallin come after p. 407. The only citation with a footnoted source is to Chambers!

On the "Today" show, in *The Washington Post*, in *TNR* and elsewhere, Weinstein has made the peculiar point that because I bothered to check out his sources, I was somehow obliged—unlike other reviewers—to get in touch with him. My own view has been that the 674-page *Perjury* is amply footnoted and if the book's sources can't survive a minimal fact-check no amount of *ex parte* communication from the author can save it.

Nevertheless, Weinstein made so much of his tapes and transcripts in *TNR* (three out of six, he says, were taped) that I finally decided to take him up on his offer and the day his *TNR* "answer" appeared I called and asked if I and two colleagues could come down and inspect his files. Four days later I received in the mail a letter which after preliminary unscholarly insults invited us to inspect his files on Sunday, April 30, between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. "To prevent a 'fishing expedition' in my 50,000 page archive" he asked me to specify in advance the list of items I wished to see.

Because of the time constraint, we limited our request to 20 items, and on Sunday morning I presented myself, along with Robert Sherrill and Philip Pochoda of *The Nation*, at Mr. Weinstein's door. We were met by Mrs. Weinstein who told us that her husband had changed his mind and that we would not be allowed to inspect the files. She gave us a copy of a telegram he had sent the previous evening cancelling the meeting. (It arrived at *The Nation* at 11 a.m. the following day.) I asked her if I might talk with Professor Weinstein since if anything on our list caused him a problem, we would withdraw it and inspect only what he cared to show us. Mrs. Weinstein said that he preferred not to discuss the matter.

V. S. Navasky
Editor
The Nation

Allen Weinstein replies:
All my files and tapes will be available to Victor Navasky and everyone else at the Truman Library later this year. I have been inundated with requests from scholars and others for access to these materials, and have decided this is the best way to provide it without totally disrupting my life and other work. I was willing to make an exception for Navasky, in order to refute his widely publicized accusations that I misquoted sources. But his requests were overwhelming—far more than what would have been necessary for him to reply to my *New Republic* article last week. And the repeated lies and personal slurs of Navasky's latest diatribe in *The Nation* convinced me that proving Navasky's errors to him would do nothing to deflect his attacks. Frankly, when both of these reached me late Saturday, I decided the hell with it. I do apologize for his unnecessary trip to Washington.

Only one point in Navasky's response deserves comment. When I saw Professor David Kennedy at Stanford last week, I played for him a tape of Kennedy himself confirming the details of what he and I heard Kaplan say, as well as a tape of my second interview with Kaplan when Kennedy was not present. Kennedy told me that he wished he had heard these tapes before speaking to Victor Navasky.

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Washington Diarist

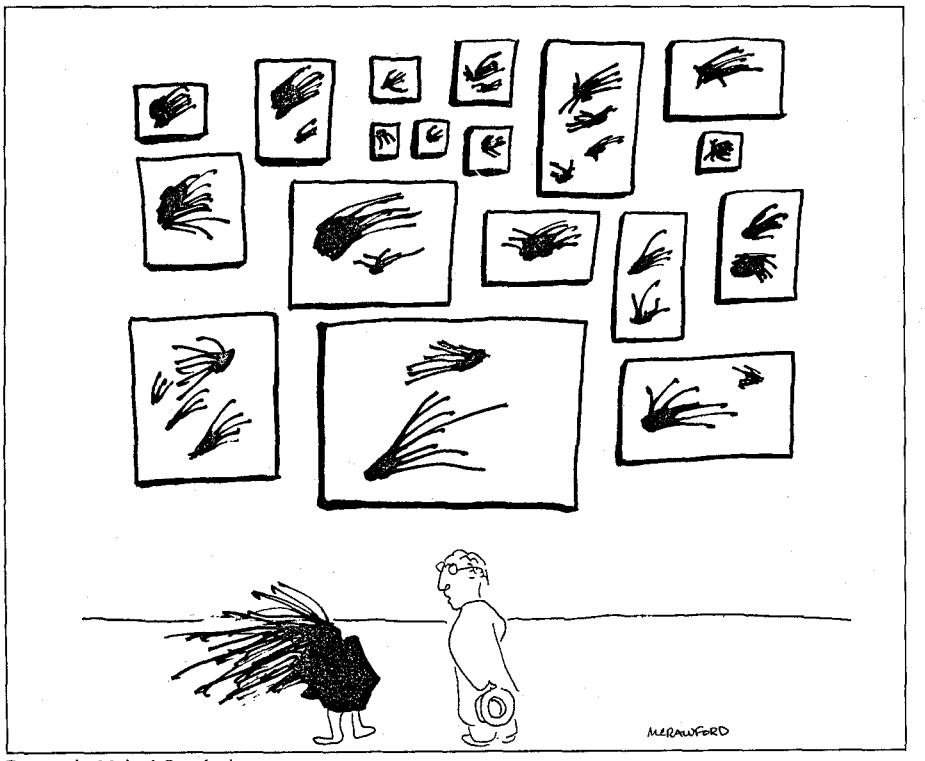
The President's Commission on Mental Health (Mrs. R. Carter, "Honorary Chairperson") produced its report and recommendations at the end of last month. It is not the nature of such enterprises to conclude that everything is hunky-dory. Traditionally it was otherwise: presidential commissions and the like served to calm popular hysteria about some issue or other, by assuring the public that there is nothing to be alarmed about and everything is under control. Witness the Warren Commission. With the report of the Kerner Commission, reassurance began to go out of fashion. Today the function of these commissions has completely reversed: they have become devices for those with designs on the federal treasury to alert an indifferent public to the desperate need for their services. This rarely works, but they do often create a little bureaucratic momentum that achieves the desired bankroll anyway. The Rosalynn Commission writes: "In the United States today, mental health care of high quality and reasonable cost should be readily available to all who need it. This is not the case. [What is not the case? Mental health care, blah blah blah, should *not* be readily available, etc.? Well, we know what they're trying to say.] We are impressed with the progress that has been made in this direction. But we are equally impressed by what has not occurred."

And here is a list of those the commission believes are "underserved" by current mental-health arrangements: people with chronic mental illness, children, adolescents, older Americans, racial and ethnic minorities, the urban poor, migrant and seasonal farmworkers, people in rural America, women, Vietnam veterans, the deaf and others with physical handicaps. The commission proposes that the federal government spend $500 million over the next three years to address the problems it raises. For all I know the federal government *should* be spending more on mental health. But I'm curious about this $500 million figure. How did they decide that $400 million just wouldn't do the job, but $600 million would be too big an imposition? Does anyone on this commission honestly believe that if we spend this $500 million, three years from now they will be less impressed by what has not occurred? If, as a result of this report, we spend $500 million more on mental health over the next three years than we otherwise would, are we likely to spend less than $500 million over the following three years? I have my own suspicions.

All the attention paid to "Sun Day" on Wednesday, May 3, tended to obscure the fact that Monday, May 1, was "Law Day." I believe this holiday originated as an opportunity for us to reflect smugly on what certain other nations choose to celebrate on May 1. But this year the District of Columbia Bar Association used it as an excuse to throw something called a "law fair" here in Washington. I didn't go; it is hard to imagine a less festive-sounding occasion. Perhaps I missed the sight of lawyers cavorting around a law pole, tossing their briefs in the air with gay abandon. Lawyers always have reason to celebrate in the District of Columbia, but often there is cheering news from elsewhere as well. On April 29, for example, the California Supreme Court ruled that overly hospitable hosts can be held liable for harm caused by their drunken guests. This pleases lawyers, no doubt, but a non-lawyer friend laments that if this doctrine spreads east, no one will dare to invite him to a party ever again.

Another celebration going on in Washington last week was President Carter's reception on the White House lawn for hundreds of American Jewish leaders, in honor of the 30th birthday of the state of Israel. In my line of work (it should not surprise you to hear) I run across the occasional Jewish leader, and I asked a couple of them to report on the festivities. Apparently someone in the White House initially made a mistake about the invitation list. Asked to round up 500 "Jewish leaders," this cultural naif invited 500 rabbis. A panicky last-minute effort was made to diversify the crowd, but apparently the event retained a heavily clerical cast. "It was like a scene from a Woody Allen movie," reported not one but *two independent* sources (thus according this observation the Woodward and Bernstein Seal of Unarguable Truth). Five hundred rabbis roamed the White House lawn, many of them (the orthodox ones) in black coats—short men with long beards and prominent hats. A group of 40 or so cornered Zbigniew Brzezinski against a bush and badgered him with questions (most of them—unless my experience with rabbis is wildly untypical—rhetorical). One of them had Zbig by the elbow, while another poked at him with a thumb for emphasis. At intervals the crowd burst into patriotic Hebrew folk songs, in competition with the Marine Band's usual repertoire of show tunes and what-not. A good time was had by all.

M.E.K



Drawing by Michael Crawford

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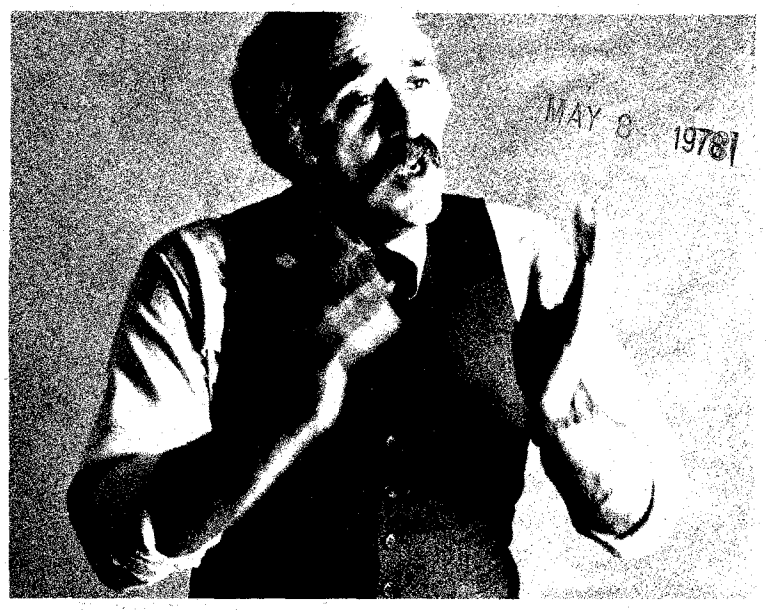

"A funny thing happened on the way to the Bicentennial. The dominant rhetoric of intellectual discourse turned gloomy—surely on the left, often on the right. We have poor-mouthed, crisis-mongered and guilt-peddled ourselves half to death.

"I believe, despite what we hear these days, that the American experience has been a successful one—that it has set into motion a remarkably healthy and creative process around the world. And I believe that most Americans share that view.

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Ben J. Wattenberg

Ben J. Wattenberg is the author of *The Real America* and co-author of the best selling *The Real Majority*. A former aide and speechwriter for President Lyndon Johnson, Senators Hubert Humphrey and Henry Jackson, Wattenberg has helped write two Democratic Party platforms and is now Chairman of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority. He has been active as a business consultant. He is a Senior Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, where he co-edits the new magazine, *Public Opinion*.

1 **The Bomb that Fizzled**
Thursday, May 18 at 8:30 pm
Starving people. Sick cities. Poverty. Even mass psychosis. It seems as if everything has been blamed on the Population Explosion. But did that Bomb ever go off? In the first of a 3-part series on "The Enemies of Growth" Ben Wattenberg challenges some of our most common assumptions.

2 ***Pig of the World***
Thursday, May 25
Critics like **Stewart Udall** say America is ripping off the world's resources. Wattenberg discounts this gloomy view of economic rape and ecological panic.

3 ***Enemies of Growth***
Thursday, June 1
Some environmentalists think vigorous economic growth is bad news. Wattenberg thinks some environmentalists are bad news. Guests: **Senator Henry Jackson**, *Harper's* Editor, **Lewis H. Lapham**

4 **Mother, Flag and Apple Pie**
Thursday, June 8
The Sixties. Long hair, communes and revolution. The Seventies. Haircuts, houses and three-piece suits. What happened? **Senator S. I. Hayakawa** and **Ramsey Clark** have different views.

5 **The State of the Unions**
One hour Special
Tuesday, June 13, 8 pm
Unions. Liberals say they've forgotten the downtrodden. Conservatives think they strangle the economy. But where would we be without them? Guests: **Lane Kirkland, Cesar Chavez, Milton Friedman, Albert Shanker.**

6 ***Two Cheers for the CIA***
Thursday, June 15
Who needs the CIA anyway? If you have to ask that, you'd better watch this. Guests: Former CIA Chiefs **Richard Helms** and **William Colby.**

7 ***The Totalitarian Temptation***
Thursday, June 22
Is Europe drifting away from freedom? Does it really matter to us? Author **Jean Francois Revel** talks about the temptations of totalitarianism.

8 **The War of the Intellectuals**
Thursday, June 29
Many intellectuals think America has gone down the drain. Meet one who doesn't. A special interview with **Norman Podhoretz**, Editor of *Commentary* magazine.

9 **Black Progress**
Thursday, July 6
Despite rhetoric to the contrary, American Blacks have made remarkable strides in the last 15 years. **Julian Bond, Alex Haley, Bayard Rustin** and others look at the puzzle of Black progress.

10 **There's No Business Like Big Business**
Thursday, July 13
Big Business, the modern American villain. Has it really failed us? Or have we failed to understand Big Business? Ben Wattenberg argues with **John Kenneth Galbraith.**

11 **The Good Guys of History**
Thursday, July 20
Viet Nam shattered our good guy image. **Senator Daniel P. Moynihan** and **Secretary James Schlesinger** think it's time to put the pieces back together before it's too late.

12 **Hail to the Chief**
Thursday, July 27
Presidents have been called imperial—out of touch with the people. **Lady Bird Johnson, Dean Rusk** and **William Safire** disagree.

13 **Worker's Lib**
Thursday, August 3
Work. Boring? Meaningless? Impersonal? Ben Wattenberg says that's bunk. Guest: **George Meany**, President of the AFL-CIO.

In Search of the Real America Begins Thursday, May 18 at 8:30 on PBS

Consult local listings for channel in your area.

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